JANUARY 1930

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CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine

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Start the New Year with an Add-A-Pearl Necklace

WHAT shall I do with the money Grandfather gave me for Christmas, Mother," Betty Jeanne wanted to know on New Year's Day. "Why don't you invest it," mother suggested. "But Grandfather said that I should get something that would give me lots of pleasure now," was the reply. "Perhaps you can do both," mother said. "Many years ago there was a little girl named Addapearl who wanted a necklace of genuine oriental pearls. Her daddy told her that buying pearls was like making an investment for their value increased from year to year. When he told her that it would cost hundreds of dollars to buy a whole necklace of genuine oriental pearls she thought for a while and then had a wonderful idea. Why not start a necklace with a few pearls on a gold chain that could be worn at once and then add pearls to it every year on all gift occasions? Addapearl's daddy thought that was a good plan and went to their jeweler who told him that it could be done. And so the ADD-A-PEARL NECKLACE was started. Now it is possible for girls everywhere to possess a lovely necklace of genuine oriental pearls." "Oh, mother, that will be just wonderful," Betty Jeanne cried excitedly, "will you and Daddy take me to your jeweler tomorrow so that we can pick out my ADD-A-PEARL NECKLACE? I want to start it right away. That will be an investment, won't it mother, and I'll have the beautiful pearls to wear all the time too." "Yes, dear," mother replied, "our jeweler will help us to pick out your initial necklace and then everyone can give you additional pearls on your birthday and all gift occasions. Then you will be the proud possessor of 'the Gift that Lives and Grows.'"

TO PARENTS

ADD-A-PEARLS are genuine oriental pearls of the finest quality. Perfectly matched, the delicate coloring and exquisite lustre of these gems, guarantee complete satisfaction to the purchaser. The initial necklace may be started with five or more pearls on a fine gold chain. They are priced as low as ten dollars. Additional pearls are two dollars or more. Your jeweler will be glad to assist you.

Bound Periodical

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A message to mothers on

The Vital Importance of Breakfasts

"I'm a firm believer in Quaker Oats breakfasts," says Mrs. A. G. Carpenter, shown here with two of her pupils. "A good breakfast can make a great difference in report cards."

Richard Halliday's mother writes: "Richard does well in school and he keeps well. Every morning I see that he gets a nourishing rolled oats breakfast."

Nation-wide surveys show 70% of the entire day's school work is done in the morning. Educators and nutritionists urge the importance of protecting children against the demands of the morning by providing breakfasts that give *sustained* energy.

THE most important meal of the child's day! This is how leading educators and nutritionists regard breakfast.

For morning hours are by far the most strenuous, mentally and physically. For the pre-school child—morning play hours crowded with breathless, never-ending activity . . . and, throughout the schoolrooms of America, tense little bodies bent over their hardest studies . . . accomplishing in the few short hours between morning and noon . . . 70% of the entire day's schoolwork!

Children's breakfasts must supply sufficient food-energy to meet these morning demands—or nervous energy will be consumed instead. This is why the right kind of a breakfast is so vitally important. Why one cereal known as "the most nutritious of all cereals" is urged above all others.

Quaker Oats gives more nourishment . . . "stands by" better . . . because of its perfect food balance. 16% is protein. Every living cell in the child's busy, growing body is continually demanding protein for the repair of worn-out nerve and muscle tissues. Quaker Oats contains 50% more of this protective food than flour . . . far more than ordinary cereals. 65% of Quaker Oats is energy food. There's abundant vitamin B to build up healthy appetites . . . rich minerals for firm teeth and good red blood . . . and the roughage that makes laxatives unnecessary. No wonder Quaker is considered the great stamina cereal for children.

And this cereal . . . the very finest nourishment you can give your child . . . is also the quickest to prepare. For Quick Quaker cooks deliciously done while you set the table or make toast. This is because the Quaker process roasts the choice whole oats to luscious, flaky tenderness. This pre-cooking makes long home cooking unnecessary. And gives Quaker that rich zestful flavor that no other oat has ever been able to imitate. Protect your child against the demands of the morning by serving stimulating, energizing Quaker Oats breakfasts.

Health Qualities Unsurpassed

1. *16% protein for growth,* richer minerals for bone building—more abundant vitamin B to protect health.
2. *Fastest* of all quick cooking oats—2½ minutes to cook.
3. *"Most nutritious* of all hot cereals," according to doctors, dieticians and practically every leading book on nutrition.
4. *Richer flavor*—Quaker's exclusive oven-roasting process gives a savory, zestful flavor no other oat has ever been able to imitate.

Your grocer has both the Regular and the Quick Cooking Quaker Oats. Please do not confuse Quick Quaker with ordinary quick cooking oats. The Quaker process is unique. It gives finer nutrition . . . richer flavor. And the Quaker package contains 20% more oats!

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Quaker Oats . . . *two kinds . . . at your grocer's*

JOURNEYS TO ADVERTISING LAND

Robert and Ruth Go the Santa Fe Way

Dear Patsy and Jack:

Here we are—Robert and Ruth—taking one of the most fascinating trips in the world. And we're telling you about it—just as we promised. Robert is doing the writing, but Ruth is looking over my shoulder all the way through and telling me every two minutes what *not* to forget to say.

It was exciting, from the very moment Daddy told us he was taking us with him to California—"by the Santa Fe—the most picturesque way you can imagine," he added. But when we got on board the extra fare train called the Chief, at the Dearborn Station in Chicago, the fun really began.

"See the Indian picture!" Ruth said, when she saw the Big Chief Santa Fe trademark.

"We may see some on our trip—and Indian babies, too," Daddy told us. Then we squealed and looked at our new wrist watches, and at exactly 11.15 A.M. our train started and our adventures started, too.

First of all, we explored the train. I really liked the dining car best, where the nicest waiters served us the yummiest meals. But Ruth said the observation car was the nicest. She loved the big comfortable chairs and the big glass windows. And the outdoor platform was fun, too—we liked to go there with Daddy and watch the scenery flying by. But when night came and the jolly porter pulled down our cozy comfy berths for us to sleep in, why, we both voted they were the most exciting part of the train.

Before that, though, we crossed the big Mississippi River—not on boats, as in days of old, but on a huge new steel bridge. It was 2,963 feet long. Ruth says not to bother putting that in, but *I* think that's interesting. Later we crossed the Missouri River on another high steel bridge. It's too bad we got to Kansas City too late to visit the children's playhouse that Fred Harvey built in the Union Station there. One of the girls on board told us about all the interesting toys and dolls and things that were in it.

That night, while we slept cozily in our berths, the train was gliding swiftly across the Kansas prairies and along the Arkansas River in Colorado. Maps are such fun to study when you're taking a journey! The next morning, as Ruth looked out the window, she gave a squeal. "Mountains with snowy tops!" she cried. And sure enough, there were the Rockies in the distance.

One real old gentleman in the observation car told Daddy that he followed this same old Santa Fé Trail when he was a little boy. "Only we rode in a covered wagon then," he said. "And kept a sharp lookout for buffalos and Indians!"

By noon the mountain range became a towering wall right ahead of us. The train, that had been puffing up and up and up and around the rocky curves (with the help of three engines) now plunged into a tunnel of midnight blackness (I got that out of a book!) There are really two tunnels, side by side, near the top of Raton Pass.

Ruth and I held hands and laughed while Daddy told us the tunnel was 2,678 feet long and had taken 9,000 different laborers more than a year to make! Whew!

When we came out into daylight again, guess where we were? New Mexico! As the train rushed down the winding mountain pass the car windows framed such beautiful colored pictures! Just imagine, deep blue sky, green Christmas trees, red dirt and rainbow tinted rocks—my, but it's grand!

We rode south all afternoon and finally came to Lamy. "Let's take the Indian-detour now!" said Daddy, as though he'd just thought of it and Mother smiled. We all got off the train and went to Santa Fé by a comfortable motor bus furnished by the Santa Fe Railway.

Santa Fé itself is an awfully old city. The Spaniards founded it one hundred and thirteen years after Columbus discovered America. (Figure out the date for yourself!) It's the oldest capital in the United States and you both would love it. Ruth says to tell you about the silver and turquoise jewelry you can buy there and

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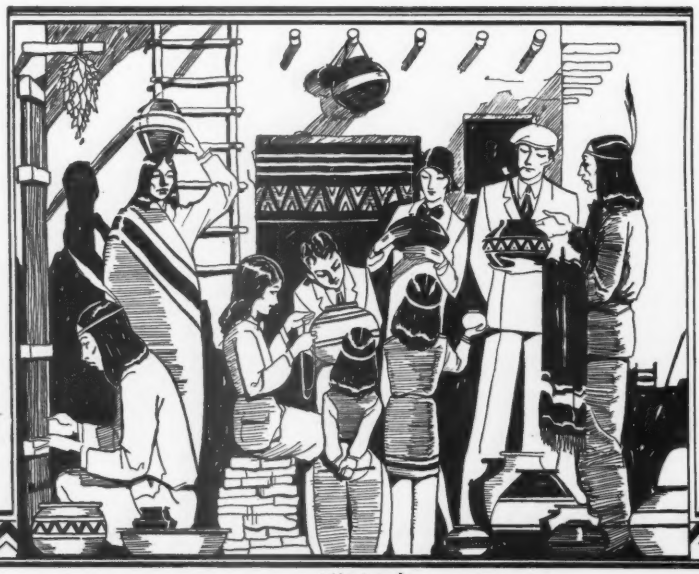

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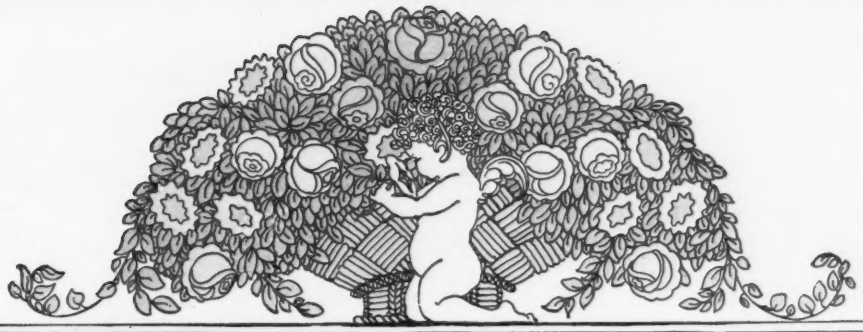

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The Children's Own Magazine

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MADE IN U. S. A.

On Uncle Dick's big
ranch there were baby
kittens,
puppies,
calves,
chickens,
turkeys,
and ducks.
And of them all, Littlebits
liked the baby ducks the
best because they were so
yellow and downy with eyes
like bright, black buttons.

Black and white reproduction of full-page color plate from "Littlebits"

This is Littlebits, herself, with the
small, yellow, baby ducks.

LITTLEBITS

Written by
EDITH J. CRAINE and ALBERTA N. BURTON

Attractively illustrated in color
By DOROTHY LAKE GREGORY

Published by RAND McNALLY & COMPANY
536 S. Clark Street, Chicago

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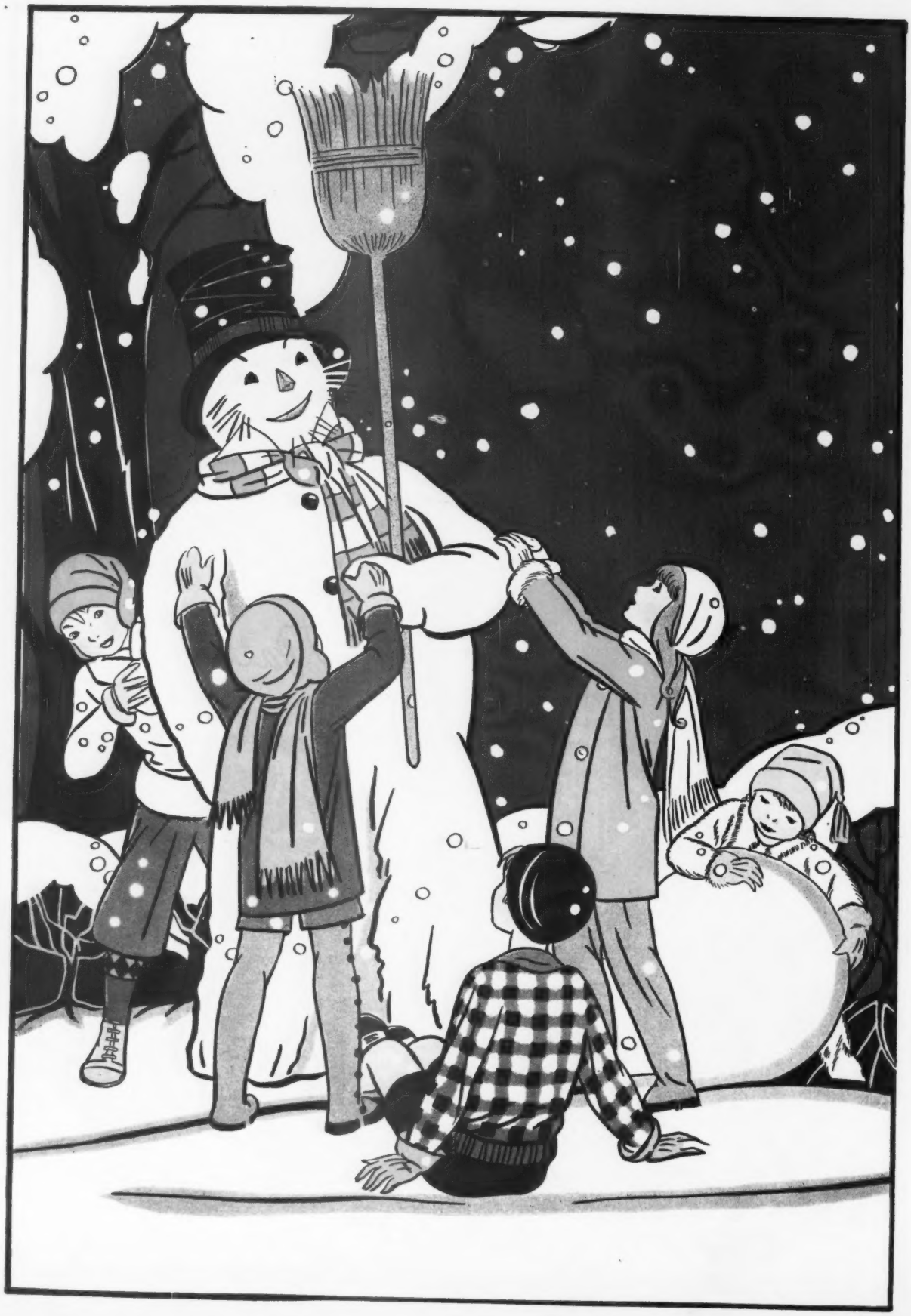
PERPLEXED

WHAT can a baby New Year be
To grow so far ahead of me,
For it grew twice as tall or more
Just while I grew from three to four!
I didn't ask about it then,
I thought it couldn't be again,
But I was wrong, for sakes alive,
Last year got *old* while I got five!
I never can catch up with it,
I've only grown a little bit.
I'll ask my daddy 'bout it now
And maybe he can tell me how
A boy can grow to be a man
As fast as baby New Year can.

Rod Waldo
Editor



THE SNOWMAN'S RESOLUTION

AILEEN L. FISHER

THE snowman's hat was crooked
And his nose was out of place
And several of his whiskers
Had fallen from his face,

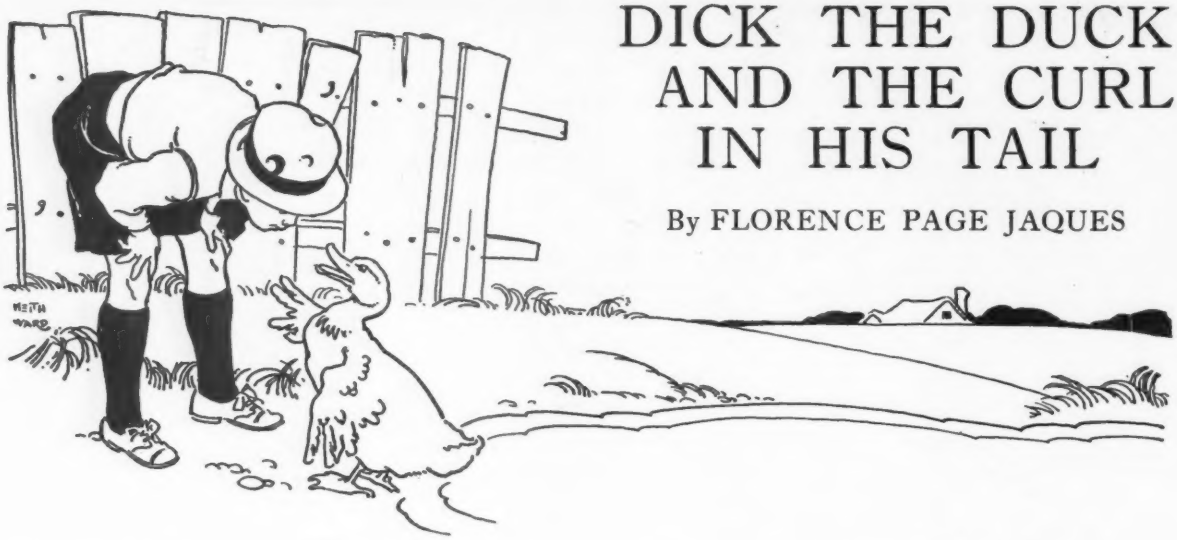
But the snowman didn't notice
For he was trying to think
Of a New Year's resolution
That wouldn't melt or shrink.

He thought and planned and pondered
With his little snow-ball head
Till his eyes began to glisten
And his toes began to spread;

And at last he said, "I've got it—
I'll make a firm resolve
That no matter what the weather
My smile will not dissolve."

Now the snowman acted wisely
And his resolution won
For his splinter smile was wooden
And it didn't mind the sun!

BILLIE PARK



DICK THE DUCK AND THE CURL IN HIS TAIL

By FLORENCE PAGE JAQUES

DICK the Duck was paddling in the pond one day when Billy Boy came along and stole the curl off his tail. That was bad of Billy, for Dick the Duck was proud of his curl. None of the other ducks had one.

"Billy Boy!" said Dick the Duck in disgust. "Give me back the curl of my tail this minute!"

Billy shook his head.

"*Please*, Billy," said Dick.

But Billy Boy only laughed and stuck the curl of the tail in his hat. Then he started off, whistling.

"Billy Boy!" quacked Dick the Duck, hopping with rage. "Come back! Quick! Quack!"

"I'm busy," said Billy, still laughing. He liked to tease.

"Quack!" said Dick the Duck. "I'll follow you around till you give it back!"

"Follow along," called Billy. "But you can't get the curl of your tail."

"I will!" said Dick the Duck between his bill, and he started to paddle along after Billy.

"Billy," said his mother, as he came up the walk, "how funny you look with that little duck paddling along behind you!"

"I like for him to follow me," said Billy.

Now Dick the Duck knew that if he told Billy's mother about his tail, she would make Billy give the curl back. But Dick thought it would be fun to get it back himself. So he only sang—

"Oh, Billy
Feels silly,
With Dick the Duck
And his bad luck
Paddling along behind him!"

"Ho!" said Billy, and he ran round the house. But Dick the Duck went, too. Around the corner they met Micky the Mouse.

"Where are you going, Dick?" said the mouse.

"I'm following Billy," said Dick the Duck, "for he has the curl of my tail. Come along."

"Yes, I will," said Micky. He liked a joke. So he ran along behind Dick, and Billy pretended not to notice them.

"Here comes Johnny Jot to play with you, Billy," said the Duck.

"I think I'll go down town," said Billy quickly, starting off the other way.

"He doesn't want Johnny to see us with him," whispered Dick, and he sang again—

"Billy
Feels silly,
With Dick
And Mick,
So small
And quick,
Following behind him!"

Micky giggled. "Better give Dick his curl, Billy," he called.

But Billy was stubborn. "I don't care how much you sing," he said, and started down the street.

Dick the Duck saw the seven little yellow goslings from next door.

"Hi!" he shouted. "Come follow Micky."

"Why?" said the goslings, looking out between the fence palings.

"Because Micky is following me," said Dick.

"Why?" said the goslings.

"Because I'm following Billy," said Dick.

"Why?" said the goslings.

"Because he has the curl of my tail," said Dick.

"Oh," said the goslings, and they all scurried under the fence, and followed along, one after the other, behind Micky, who was behind Dick, who paddled along at Billy's heels.

Billy met Nancy down the street, and she laughed

till Billy turned as red as a currant. And Dick the Duck sang—

"Billy
Feels silly,
With Dick
And Mick
And seven yellow
Gosling geese
Marching along like
Little police-
Men, behind him!"

Then Dick the Duck saw a little black pig, and he asked it to join the procession. So the little black pig came running; and Dick sang again—

"Billy
Feels silly,
With Dick
And Mick,
And seven little geese and
A little black pig
Marching along,
Not very big,
But following
Behind him!"

Tim and Tom came down the street and when they saw Billy and his procession they whooped and howled till Billy got as red as an apple.

Then Dick the Duck saw a little wobbly calf and he called to it. And the calf came jumping along on its little wobbly legs. Dick the Duck sang—

"Billy
Feels silly
With Dick
And Mick,
And seven little geese,
And a little black pig,
And a wobbly calf,
Not very big,
All following
Behind him."

Billy came to the corner where the big traffic lights were, and all the cars and trucks and street cars were waiting. Billy marched across the street, and the duck and the mouse and the goslings and the pig and the calf went along behind him. Everybody laughed and tooted their horns, and the big traffic policeman called, "Hi, son, are you a circus?" Billy was as red as a whole sunset, but he went along whistling.

At the next corner there was a big talking and walking doll in the store window, and when Dick the Duck saw her he clapped his wings. "Won't you take a walk with us?" he called.

"Thank you, yes," said the doll, and she began to climb down from the window.

"No, no, *no!*" shouted Billy. "I can stand to have a duck follow me, and a mouse, and seven geese, and a pig and a wobbly calf, but I won't have a girly doll walking around after me!"

"Well?" said the duck.

Billy had to laugh in spite of himself. "Here is the curl of your tail," he said, and he took the curl out of his hat and gave it to Dick the Duck.

"What else?" said Dick the Duck.

"We-ell—" said Billy. "I'm sorry I teased you."

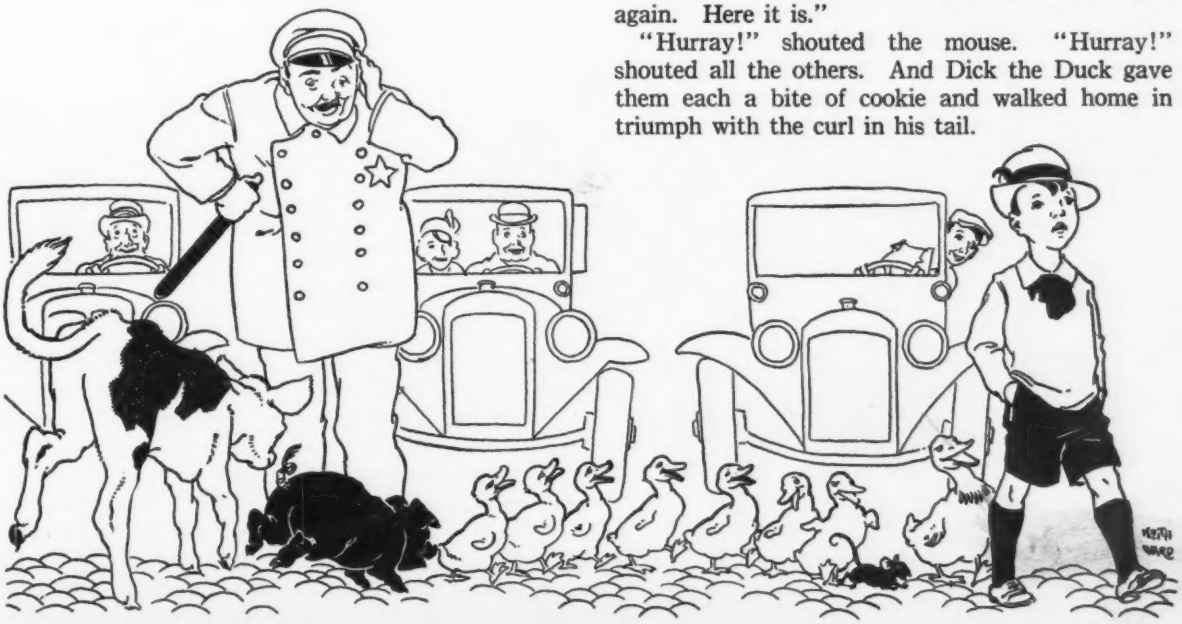
"That's right," said Dick the Duck. "What else?"

"I don't know about anything else," said Billy.

"There's a very large cookie in your pocket," said Dick.

"Oh," said Billy, "I'll never try to tease *you* again. Here it is."

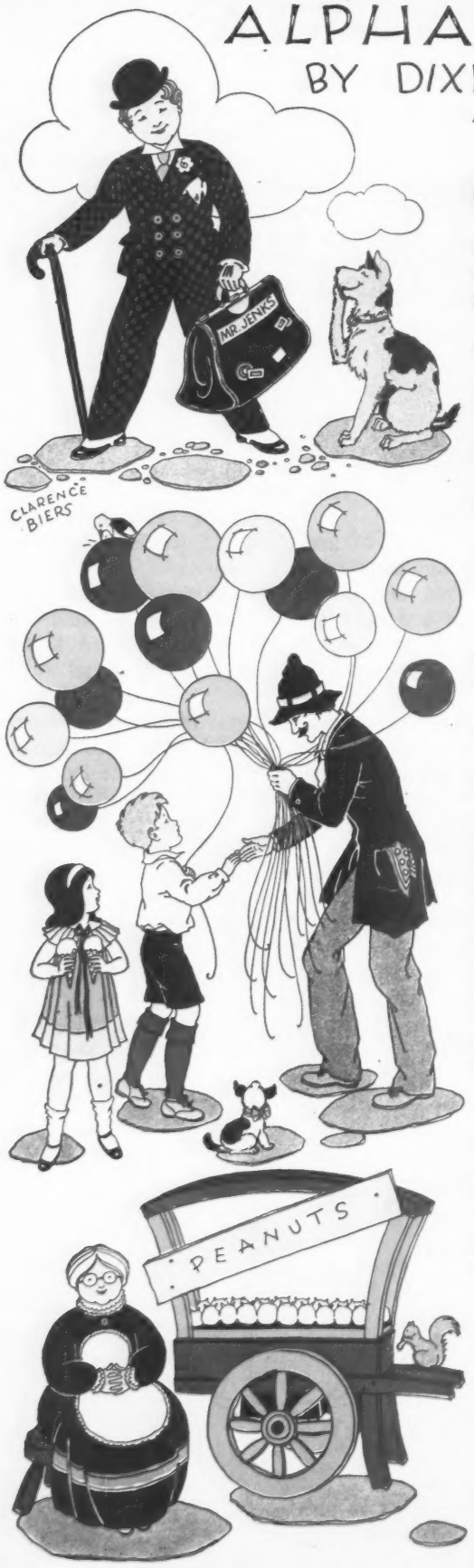
"Hurray!" shouted the mouse. "Hurray!" shouted all the others. And Dick the Duck gave them each a bite of cookie and walked home in triumph with the curl in his tail.



ALPHABET PARK

BY DIXIE WILLSON

Author of "*Clown Town*," "*Pinkie Pup*," "*Little Texas*," etc.



ONCE, one time a man named Mr. Jenks, who looked very stylish in his best checkered suit, happened in upon a little town where all the people were good friends with each other, and so they soon became friends with Mr. Jenks too, and, of course, wanted him to see the sights of town!

"You must be *sure* and see Alphabet Park," the postmaster said, when Mr. Jenks stopped at the post office.

"You must be *sure* and see Alphabet Park," the candy lady said, when Mr. Jenks stopped to buy candy.

"You must be *sure* and see Alphabet Park," the barber said, when Mr. Jenks had his hair cut.

So that afternoon Mr. Jenks asked the policeman how to find Alphabet Park. And the policeman told him.

"But what a foolish name for a park," exclaimed Mr. Jenks. "Why would anyone name a park after the alphabet?"

"You'll find out," chuckled the policeman.

So Mr. Jenks got himself on a little red street car, and paid a five-cent piece and asked the conductor to let him off at Alphabet Park.

"But why did they name a park after the alphabet?" he asked the conductor.

"*You'll* find out," the conductor said—and winked at the motorman, and both had a good chuckle.

So presently Mr. Jenks was in Alphabet Park—tall trees and lovely grass, and a little bit of a river straggling through it like a green ribbon, and criss-cross walks of sandy pebbles, and a fountain, and a little fat lady with a peanut wagon, and a tall man with balloons and a short man with ice-cream cones, and a merry-go-round with red and yellow seats and a squeaky organ, and one hundred benches for people to sit on, *and* people sitting on the one hundred benches, most of them with picnic baskets, and all of them with children of one size or another. But in all the park was *nothing* that looked like an alphabet.

Mr. Jenks wandered down the path and bought a balloon.

"But why is the park named after the alphabet?" he asked the balloon man.

"Don't you really know?" said the balloon man. "Well, *that's* a good joke on *you!*"

Mr. Jenks bought peanuts. "Will you please tell me," he asked the plump little lady by her peanut wagon, "why the park is named after the alphabet?"

"My goodness!" she said. "Just look and find out!"

So there he was in the middle of it and couldn't find out even *then!*

"Well," he said, "I'll give up guessing. I'll visit the zoo and go home!"

Now the zoo was kept by Mr. Zim Zammie, who wore trousers too big, and a hat too small and a little gray mustache and a long-tailed necktie, and lived by himself in a house hardly bigger than the peanut wagon, while the zoo lived all around in great huge houses full of swings and ropes and shelves and bars. Mr. Zim Zammie spent much

more time on the animals' houses than he did on his own, and said they were the nicest animals in the world, and I certainly have no reason to doubt him!

He called himself Uncle to them all. And did he have things fixed up for them? He certainly did!

Every house was made exactly to suit the party who lived in it—a big house with hay for the elephant, a little house with swings for the monkeys, a tall house with a tree for the night owl, a low house with a bath for the rhinoceros, and that's more than most *people* have, I should say, because very few folks *I* know have houses built their special size with what they like best put into them!

So Mr. Jenks decided to visit the zoo, which was at the end of the park, with a high fence around it. And when he got inside the fence, can you imagine what he saw? Exactly twenty-six houses in a row, and over *every* house, a big gold alphabet letter and underneath it the name of the animal living in that house which would be an animal beginning with that particular letter! And *there* was the *whole* alphabet! And *that* was why it was Alphabet Park! And if you'd like to know who lived in each house, I am pleased to say I can tell you, and here it is—

A—Alligator. B—Bear. C—Camel. D—Donkey. E—Elephant. F—Faun. G—Giraffe. H—Hyena. I—Ibis. J—Jaguar. K—Kangaroo. L—Leopard. M—Monkey. N—Night Owl. O—Ostrich. P—Peacock. Q—Question. (They called him Question because nobody knew what he was on account of his having four ears and two tails.) R—Rhinoceros. S—Seal. T—Tiger. U—Unicorn. V—Vera. (Vera was a nice old cow who gave milk for the animals that liked it.) W—Walrus. X—X-ample (X-ample wasn't an animal but a clown from the circus who went around and taught all the animals tricks by giving them an example of the trick himself.) Y—Yellow Belly, a very old creature a good deal like a stork—who walked around on great high legs and had little bunches of green feathers and a long neck and yellow belly. Z—for Zebra, and that was all.

"Well, who'd ever have thought of such an alphabet as *this!*" said Mr. Jenks, and promptly decided he'd stay in town all summer!

So then he hurried right back to the peanut lady, and what do you suppose he did? He spent four dollars for peanuts to feed the zoo.

Well—one peanut is very nice, two peanuts are nice, twelve peanuts are nice—even a whole sack full—and then that's enough! But Mr. Jenks fed the alphabet of animals four dollars' worth, which is forty sacks full and that wasn't *all.* He fed them candy *besides!*

There was a little note fastened to the cage marked "Y" where Yellow Belly lived. The note said, "If you give Yellow Belly a bright penny, he will sing."

So Mr. Jenks got out a bright penny, and handed it to Yellow Belly, who took it solemnly and looked it over, holding it up in one foot, and then he pushed it under a pile of sticks and walked away.

"But you didn't *sing,*" objected Mr. Jenks.

A gentleman just happened to be passing in a striped bathing suit.

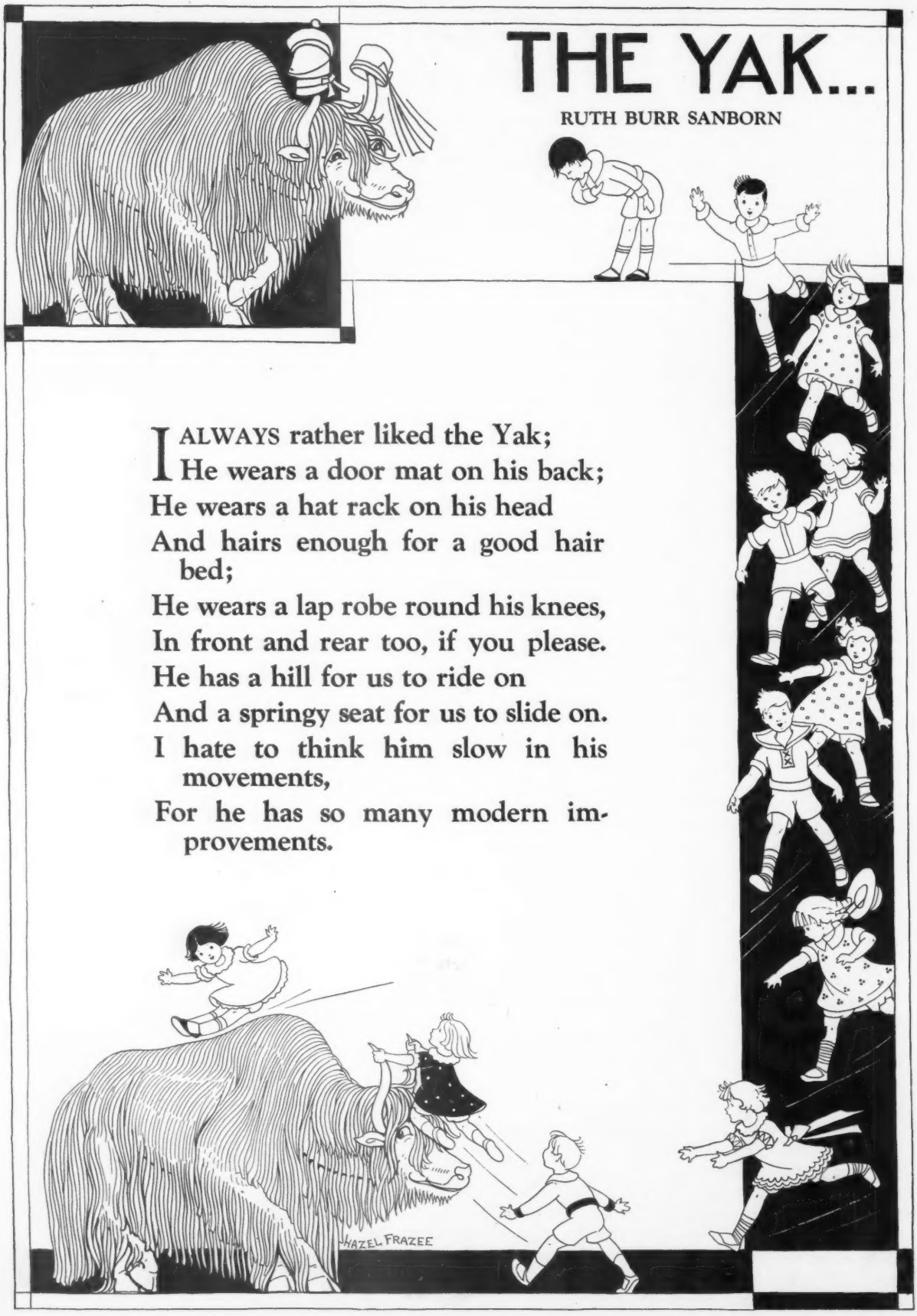
He never sings till about twelve o'clock midnight," he said.

Well, naturally Mr. Jenks was curious now—and besides

[*Continued on page 33*]

THE YAK...

RUTH BURR SANBORN



I ALWAYS rather liked the Yak;
He wears a door mat on his back;
He wears a hat rack on his head
And hairs enough for a good hair bed;
He wears a lap robe round his knees,
In front and rear too, if you please.
He has a hill for us to ride on
And a springy seat for us to slide on.
I hate to think him slow in his movements,
For he has so many modern improvements.

THERE ONCE WAS A PUFFIN...

FLORENCE PAGE JAQUES

OH, there once was a Puffin
Just the shape of a muffin,
And he lived on an island
In the
bright
blue
sea!

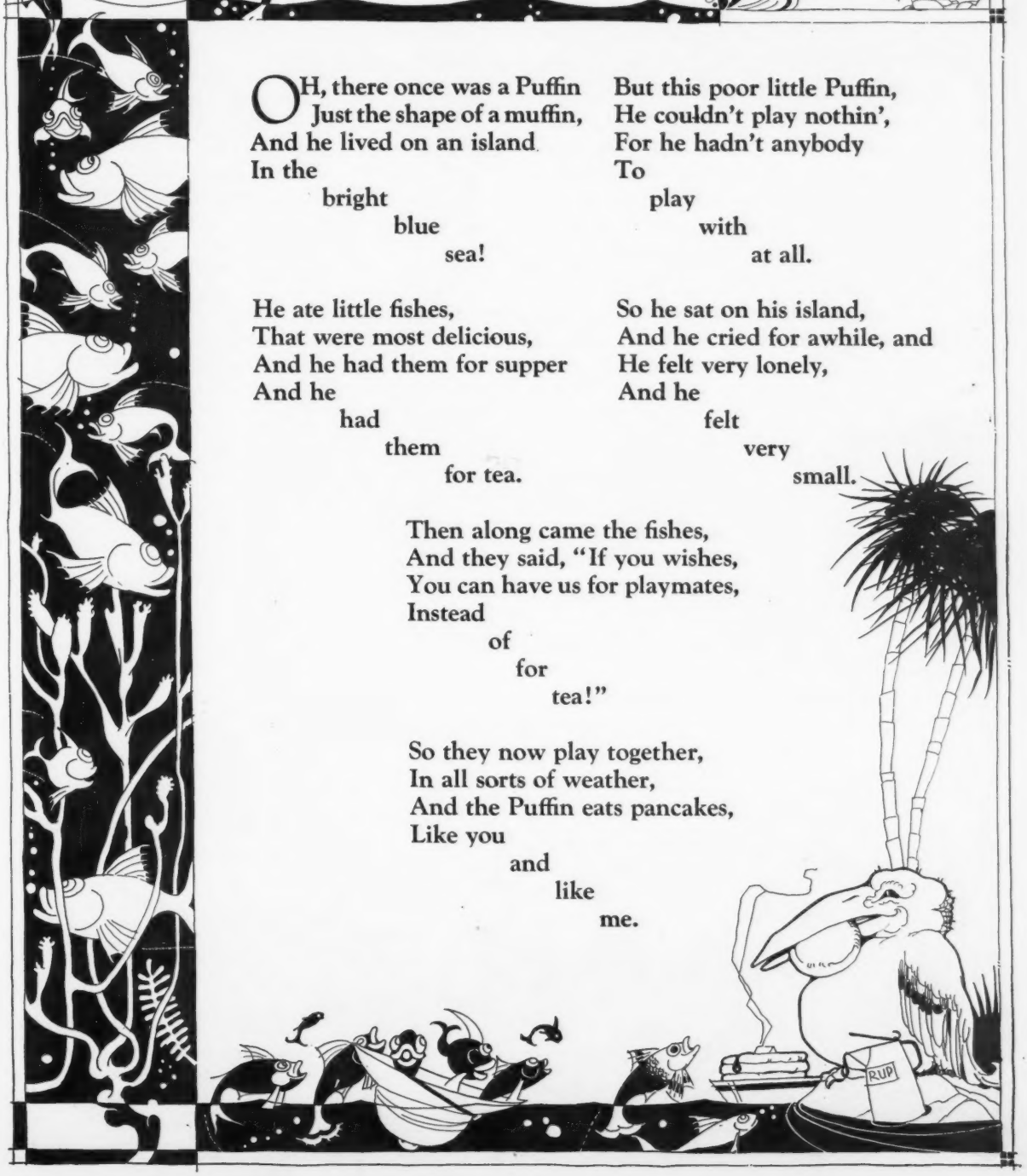
He ate little fishes,
That were most delicious,
And he had them for supper
And he
had
them
for tea.

But this poor little Puffin,
He couldn't play nothin',
For he hadn't anybody
To
play
with
at all.

So he sat on his island,
And he cried for awhile, and
He felt very lonely,
And he
felt
very
small.

Then along came the fishes,
And they said, "If you wishes,
You can have us for playmates,
Instead
of
for
tea!"

So they now play together,
In all sorts of weather,
And the Puffin eats pancakes,
Like you
and
like
me.



BICYCLES and WINDMILLS in HOLLAND

BY CAROLINE MABRY

THE dairy maids were making cheese in the cow stable. Ruth and Bill would never have believed that a cow stable was a proper place to make cheese, if they hadn't seen it with their own eyes. But now they were in Holland, and so neat and clean did they find this little country that it seemed as if every inch of it were scrubbed and polished. When the cows were let out to pasture in the summer, their stalls were scoured and whitewashed, and, thrifty folk that the Dutch women are, they used the space to make their cheese.

Rows and rows of round Dutch cheeses stood on the shelves.

"I'd like to bowl a few of them down the street," Bill said. "It might make these solemn Dutchmen laugh. They don't laugh enough."

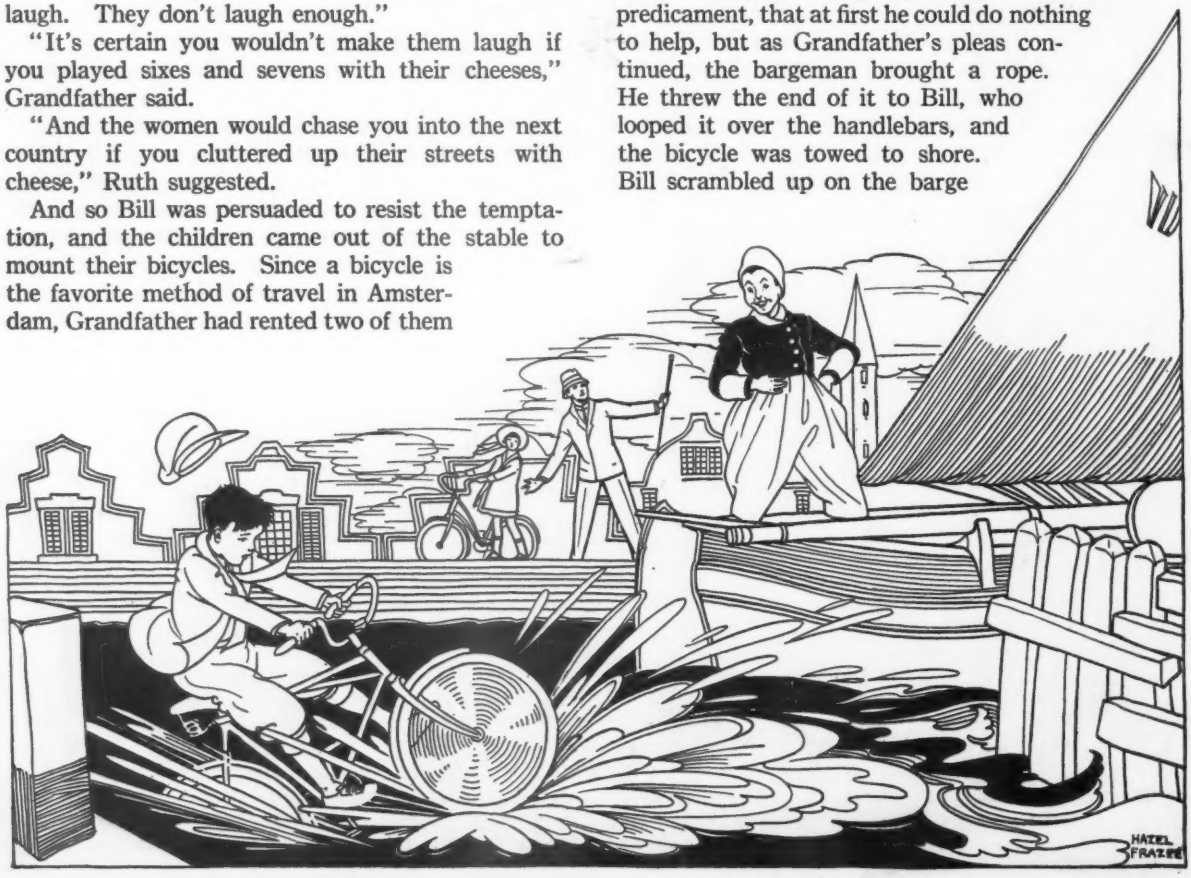
"It's certain you wouldn't make them laugh if you played sixes and sevens with their cheeses," Grandfather said.

"And the women would chase you into the next country if you cluttered up their streets with cheese," Ruth suggested.

And so Bill was persuaded to resist the temptation, and the children came out of the stable to mount their bicycles. Since a bicycle is the favorite method of travel in Amsterdam, Grandfather had rented two of them for Bill and Ruth to use while they were seeing Holland. The children had brought them on the canal boat to-day while they were out visiting the islands in the Zuider Zee.

When they returned to Amsterdam, Bill tried to ride his bicycle off the boat on to the dock. He made the dock safely enough, but as he started up the canal-bordered street, the brake on his bicycle gave way, and before he could stop it, it landed him in the canal.

The bicycle was half floating and half sinking in the water, while he floundered about trying to catch it, and at the same time keep his head above water. Grandfather was loudly calling for help. A bargeman near-by was laughing so hard at Bill's predicament, that at first he could do nothing to help, but as Grandfather's pleas continued, the bargeman brought a rope. He threw the end of it to Bill, who looped it over the handlebars, and the bicycle was towed to shore. Bill scrambled up on the barge



dripping water like a soaked sponge.

"Anyway, I made the barge man laugh," he said to Grandfather after they had thanked the man and started to the hotel. "I know now what a Dutch smile looks like."

"You know what a Dutch canal feels like too, don't you?" Ruth asked.

"I know something else," Grandfather said, "and it is that I'm going to rent a bicycle so I can follow you about and keep you from falling into danger traps. If you try any more escapades I'll tie your bicycle on the back of mine like a trailer."

"But I didn't exactly try," Bill protested. "The brake didn't work."

"We'll have the brake adjusted," Grandfather said. "But just the same, I'm going to be your bodyguard."

"Can you ride a bicycle?" Ruth asked in surprise.

"No, but I can learn," he answered.

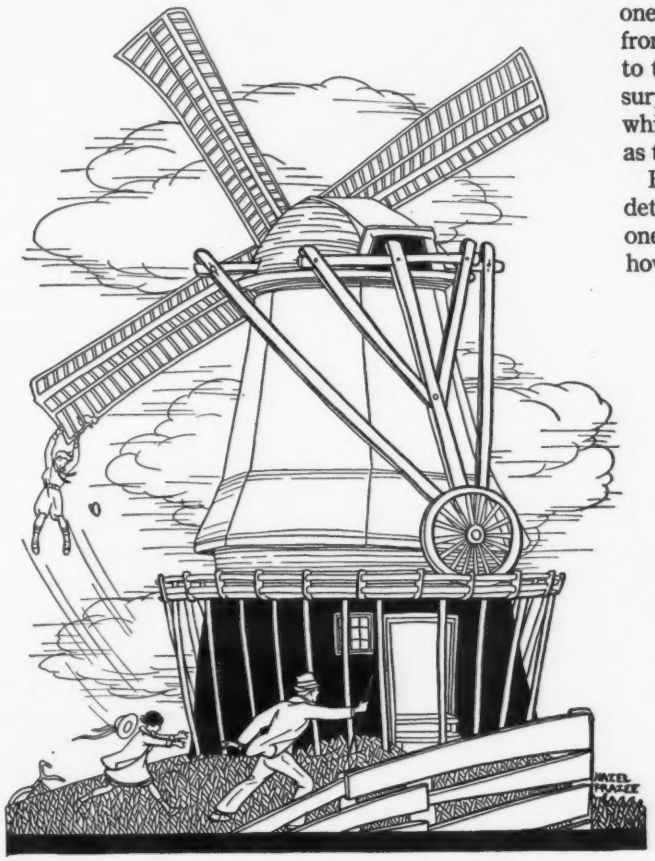
For the next two days they spent all their time trying to teach Grandfather to ride. He wobbled all over Amsterdam, and ran into a scared cat and upset a fish cart. He had more trouble than Humpty Dumpty keeping his balance.

"What you need is a weight on each side to keep you steady," Bill suggested, when Grandfather had toppled into a tray of flowers a Dutch woman was peddling on the street corner. "About three of those cheeses, hung each side of your handlebars, ought to keep you from upsetting."

"I'll ride with no cheeses," declared Grandfather, picking himself up to pay for the flowers he had crushed. "But I'll keep at it, and before you know it, I'll be riding to the queen's taste."

His determination won the struggle for him, and after another day or two he was able to ride with more safety to himself, and the people of Amsterdam. In fact he was so enjoying the sport that he suggested they take a cross-country ride to the old college town of Leyden. It would take them at least three days, and surely in that time they would find adventure.

They had been riding for two days when something happened near one of the big windmills not far from Leyden. Its four long arms were turning briskly, and caught in the top of one of them was an object, the nature of which they could not at first discover. Then as the arm swept downward, they saw that it was a little scared dog caught between the crossbar and the canvas covering. How it had got there no one knew, unless when the windmill was not turning, it had jumped to one of the lowered arms from the steps leading up to the door, and had been surprised to find itself whirling through the air as the arms began to turn.



Bill who liked dogs was determined to save this one, but he did not know how to stop the windmill, and the owner had left it for the time being.

With Grandfather, the children went inside the mill. They saw the big wheels turning to grind the grain, for the mills of Holland are not used merely for pumping water, but they grind flour for the farmer. Grandfather hoped to find a handle somewhere in the machinery that would stop the mill's turning, but he could find nothing.

They went outside again, and Ruth saw two heavy iron bars extending from each side of the mill house. She and Bill pushed on one and Grandfather on the other. The bars moved slowly, but instead of the arms of the mill stopping, the mill house itself began to turn.

"Do you see what I see?" Bill asked in surprise. "Is the house going round, or am I just plain dotty?"

"If you are, so am I," Grandfather laughed, "for the house is surely turning, and the dog will be dizzier than ever. Evidently this is not the way to stop a windmill."

"The dog's already scared stiff," Bill said. "I wish I could reach one of the arms as it turns past the steps."

"If we could hold your bicycle steady, and you could stand on the seat maybe you could reach it," Ruth suggested.

"I'll try," said Bill, running for his bicycle.

Grandfather and Ruth held it while Bill stood on

[*Continued on page 26*]

BIG CHIEF

By Edith Mason Armstrong

Author of "The Three Agathas"

THE slender figure of a boy stood on the brow of the hill. On his head was a green cap with a bronze turkey feather, and over one shoulder an archer's bow. At his lips was a hunting horn which sounded far and wide as he blew a blast.

The summons was answered by a merry shout from other little figures with green caps, which were hopping from hummock to hummock in the marshland below. The Mason children were playing Robin Hood and their brother Norman had taken the part of Robin Hood, the leader of the band.

The first to join him as he stood waiting on the hilltop was his sister Ethel who was making believe to be Little John, Robin's right-hand man. "Welcome, Archer," was the boy's stately greeting. "And what luck has Little John had to-day?"

"Bad enough, methinks," his sister replied in the same spirit. "Friar Tuck and I caught some frogs in the Outlet, but they got away again. Prithee, Robin, behold Will Stutely scrambling over those rocks!"

As she spoke Edie arrived breathless and flung herself down on the grass. "Whew, but it's hot!" she said.

"Hast slain a red deer, Stutely?" inquired her leader gravely.

But Edie was too tired to fall into the medieval parlance her brother loved.

"Nope," she said. "Lonny and I chased Mrs. King's cows all around the marsh but that was the best we could do."

One by one, Maurice, George, Lonny, and Marjory joined the group, or, to give them their names as Sherwood outlaws, Allan-a-Dale, Will Scarlet, Friar Tuck and Maid Marian.

"Great news for to-day," announced Robin Hood, his blue eyes sparkling. "We're going to capture the Sheriff of Nottingham on the King's highway, and hold him for ransom. What think ye of that, my merry men all?"

The others gasped. Here was a plan worthy of their bold leader. Of course, it was all play, they knew that; but whom had Norman chosen to be the pretended sheriff? They shouted the question eagerly.

"Can't you guess?" Norman answered, laughing. "Why Father, of course. He's coming up from the city for the week-end, and one of the older boys is driving him home from the station. In an hour or so they'll pass by that gate over there." He waved his hand toward the barbed wire fence some distance away which separated the main road from the hilltop. "And we can hide by the roadside and waylay them," he finished.

The other children rolled on the grass and shouted with delight. There was never anyone like Father for joining in with their games, whether he was taken by surprise or not!

"We'll surround the carryall and cry, 'Halt, sirrah,' just like real outlaws," Little John suggested.

"Yes, and shoot our bows and arrows, too," added roly-poly Lonny, the Friar Tuck of the band.

"An' Father'll give us the fruit and candy he always brings from town and we'll pretend it's ransom money!" explained Robin Hood.

With visions of the fun in store for them, the band of bold outlaws adjourned until it was time for their adventure, to their secret hiding place near-by, a little dell in the greenwood which was almost entirely hidden by sumac bushes. A spring bubbled up from under a rock in the middle of it, and when all had had a drink Robin pulled out from a hollow tree stump a frying pan and some bacon rolled up in oiled paper. Lighting a fire on some stones, soon he had a savory panful, and every one was munching one of the delicious hot slices.

"Isn't this the greatest fun in the world?" exclaimed Ethel, throwing herself back on the grass as she ate and rejoicing in the feel of the warm earth beneath her and the soft summer air. It seemed to her as if this quiet glen must really be Sherwood and she Little John, waiting with Robin Hood and the others for the return of Allan-a-Dale, who had been sent out to watch for the "sheriff," and bring news of his approach.

She was lying directly beneath a scrub oak tree, the branches of which hung down close to an old rail fence which wandered through the wood. As she spoke a most astonishing sight met her eyes! There, leaning over the fence, she saw nothing more

or less than a real live red Indian, his painted face with its headdress of gay feathers, peering through the oak leaves!

Too startled to utter a cry, the little girl could only lie still with a piece of bacon halfway to her mouth, and before she could recover enough to warn the others, the Indian vaulted lightly over the fence and landed on his feet in the midst of the little group!

With a cry of alarm Robin Hood's band sprang up and huddled together, big-eyed. Their father had told them that in the early history of Wisconsin, tribes of Indians did roam the prairies. What if one of them had come back?

Bravely concealing his feelings, Norman confronted the intruder with arrow fitted to his bow, as Robin Hood might have done. "Who are you?" he asked sternly.

The Indian grunted appreciation of the boy's courage. "You Big Chief!" he said approvingly.

Norman's heart swelled proudly and suddenly he felt as if this Indian might not be such a bad fellow after all. "Yes," he admitted, "I'm Robin Hood, and these are my merry men. Are you a Big Chief, too?"

"Ugh! Ugh!" assented the Indian, and he explained to the wondering children in fairly good English, that he was White Wolf, an Indian chief, too, and that he and some of his tribe were on their way from their reservation to take part in the State Fair which was being held the following week in the township next to theirs.

"Oh, so you're a *tame* Indian!" said Robin Hood, and all the bold outlaws laughed relievedly.

White Wolf nodded. "Camp back there on the hilltop," he said, jerking his thumb over his shoulder. "Me walk round, smell bacon, me hungry." He smiled ingratiatingly and held out his hand.

"Well, here you are then," said the boy, and offered him the frying pan in which a number of slices of bacon had been left, and they all watched, fascinated, as the Chief gathered the entire contents in his two fists and stuffed it in his mouth. His hunger appeased, the strange visitor turned to Robin Hood. "You want pony ride?" he asked, gesturing to include the "merry men."

"Yes," shouted Robin Hood's band, as one man, and, with White Wolf leading the way, hurried through the woods and out on to the hilltop again. This adventure with a real live Indian Chief was so

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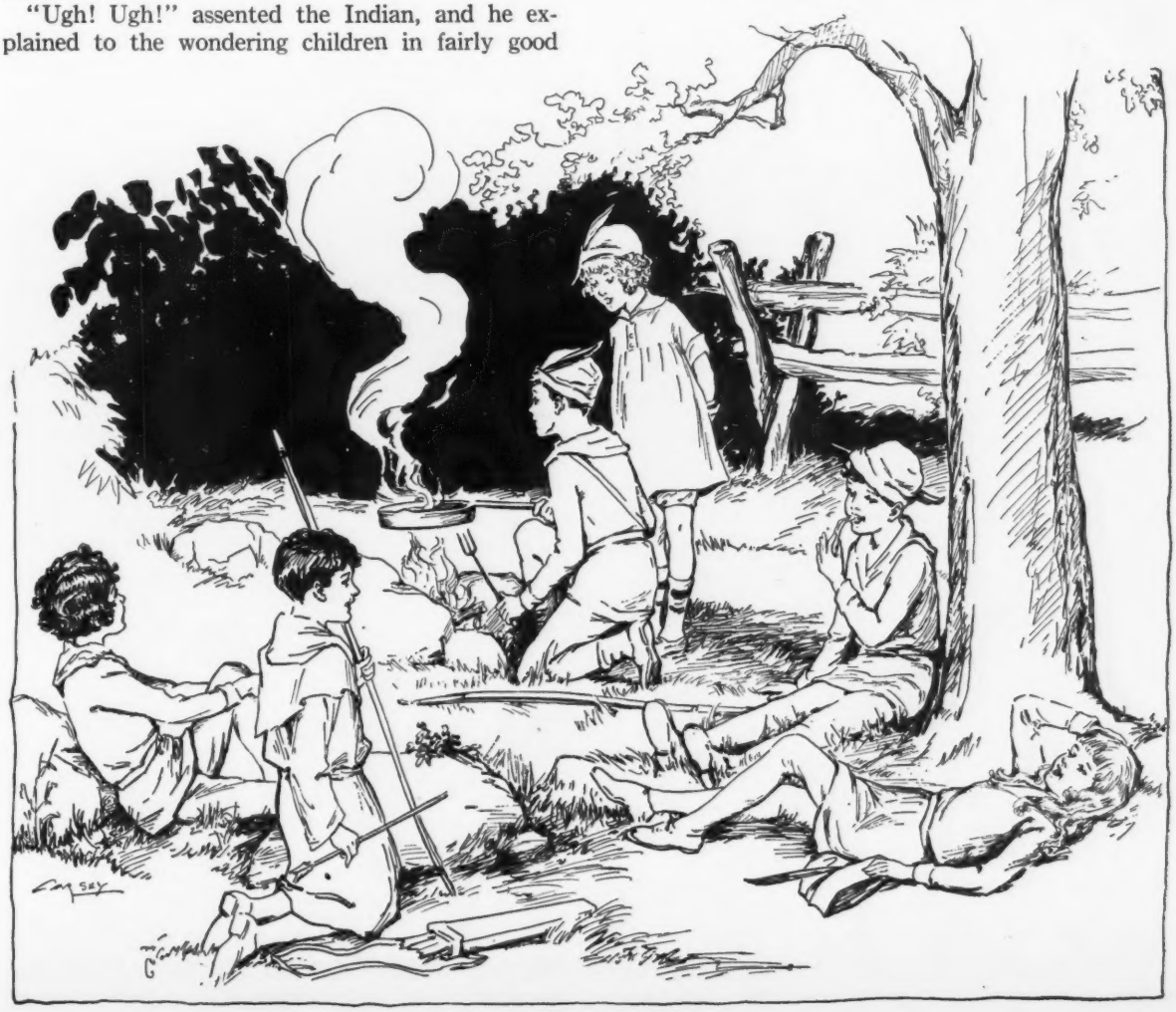


THE ★ DISAPPEARANCE ★ OF ★ MISS ★ COLUMBIA

BY FRANCES CAVANAH

Author of "The Treasure of Belden Place," etc.

Sarah Sterling's father, a captain in the Union army at the end of 1861, comes home to his farm in Maryland to spend Christmas and to sell a tract of land. Sarah's sorrow changes to gladness when she finds that, not only will the sale help them out of their financial difficulties, but it will also enable them to give their slaves their freedom. For Christmas Sarah receives a china doll, which she names Miss Columbia, because of its red, white and blue dress. She has planned a Christmas for the pickaninnies, too; and when Conundrum, the small leader of the group—appropriately named, Captain Sterling says, because no one can guess what he is going to do next—has a whiff of the basket of goodies she has prepared for them, he turns from the funeral he is conducting for a dead chicken and follows her, the other little darkies trailing in his wake. Captain Sterling has saved out a sum from the sale of the land which he wishes his wife and daughter to have as a nest egg, in case there should be an invasion of the state; and Sarah hides the coins in the sawdust stuffing of her new doll. When her father leaves she cries herself to sleep, but is awakened by the sound of firing. In her dazed, half-awakened state it seems as though all the guns of the Confederate army are thundering at their doors.

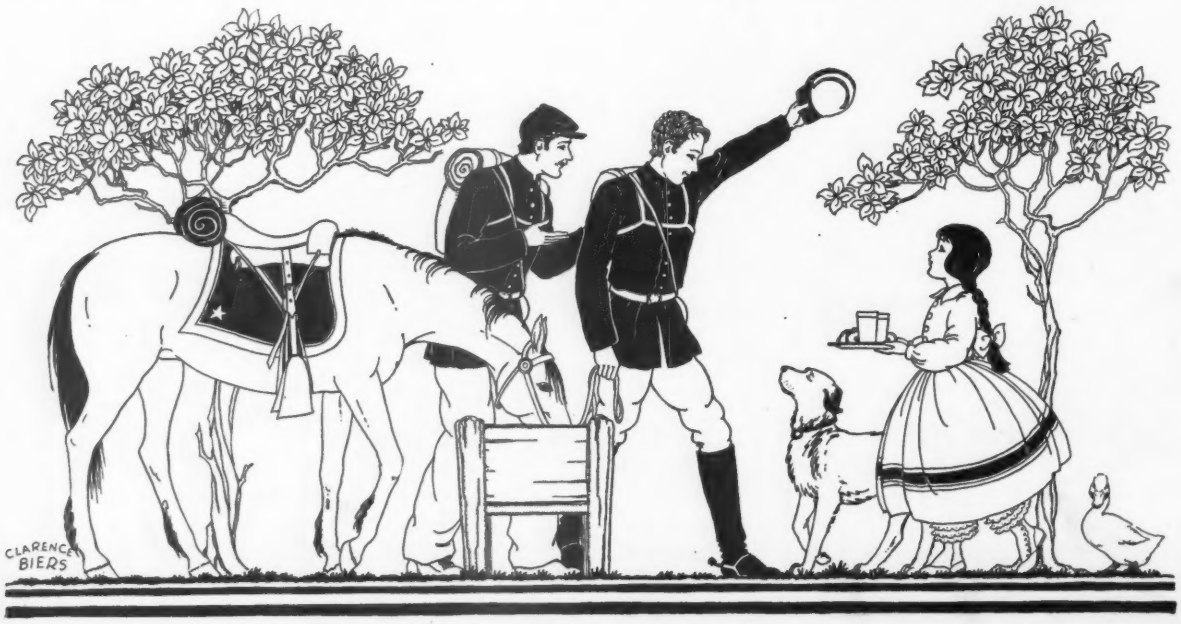
PART II

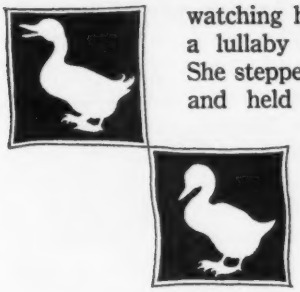
EVERYONE considered it quite a joke that what Sarah thought were the enemy guns was just a little darky roasting chestnuts—that is, everyone but Sarah. For days afterwards the mere mention of the incident would cause her cheeks to redden. Mammy Chloe had given young Conundrum permission to roast his chestnuts by the kitchen fireplace, forgetting to warn him first to cut from each one a piece of shell. As a result, when the air in the nuts became hot, it swelled and, finding no way of escape, one chestnut after another had burst with a loud report. It was small wonder that Conundrum shot through the door like a black rocket to take refuge in his mother's cabin. And it was small wonder that Sarah's imagination promptly filled the yard with Confederate invaders and sent her screaming up the stairs to warn her mother.

The real invasion did not come until the following September. The months that intervened were anxious months. There were grave days when Sarah and her mother scanned the lists of wounded soldiers, breathing a prayer of thanksgiving when they did not find Captain Sterling's name among them. There were happy days when they received Father's letters from the field—such cheerful letters that for the moment they forgot the dark cloud of war that overshadowed them. There were busy days when Union troops marched down the roads of Frederick County and made their camps among its protecting hills. The soldiers often stopped to water their horses at the trough, and Sarah always had a glass of milk to offer them and pies and doughnuts to fill their haversacks. The movements of the army filled her thoughts, and it was the same with the pickaninnies on the farm.

"Whar d'ye git dat name?"

Sarah looked up in surprise to find Conundrum





watching her intently as she sang a lullaby to her Christmas doll. She stepped out on the back porch and held up the doll, that he might have a better view.

"Can't you see? Her dress is red, white and blue, and I wanted to be patriotic. Miss Columbia means the spirit of America, you know."

"Yas'm," Conundrum replied dutifully, not quite understanding what she meant but continuing to eye the doll with admiration.

"I tell you what let's do," suggested Sarah. "Let's name the animals on the farm after regiments and things."

"Yas'm."

"We might call the sheep the First Maryland Cavalry, because they always gallop after their leader."

"Yas'm." There was no denying it; in one small boy's opinion anyway, Sarah was the "smartest gal" in Frederick County.

"And the cows can be the Infantry, because they go much slower."

Conundrum gasped at this new evidence of wisdom, but he managed a question. "What ye aimin' to call de ducks?"

Sarah wrinkled her brows, as her glance followed his toward the three little white feathered pets swimming in the duck pond. There weren't enough of them to make a regiment; besides it seemed only fair to name something after the civil departments of the government.

"I think I'll call one the Senate and one the House of Representatives," she said slowly, not quite certain if she were doing the proper thing or not, "and the third one can be the Supreme Court."

And, as if in answer to their new names, the Senate, the House of Representatives and the Supreme Court ceased their swimming and came waddling toward her.

"Sarah!" Mrs. Sterling stood in the doorway, and her face was white and drawn. "General Lee crossed the Potomac yesterday and is advancing on Frederick now."

"Oh, Mother, quick! Where can I hide Miss Columbia?"

Mrs. Sterling drew her inside before she answered.

"You mustn't hide her, child. All along the way people are fleeing from their homes, and we may have to leave at any moment and go and stay with your aunt in Baltimore. And if we do—" She tried to speak casually, but the forced smile that twisted her lips did not hide their trembling from Sarah's frightened eyes. "And if we do, dear, Miss Columbia must be ready to travel with us."

So Sarah, with a whispered apology in Miss Columbia's ear for putting her to bed so early, carried the doll into the bedroom off the parlor and laid her in her cradle. If a soldier came, she wouldn't attract much attention there, and even if she did, what would be more natural than to find a doll in bed? Miss Columbia didn't seem to mind; she smiled up at Sarah with her painted smile, as though promising to keep her secret.

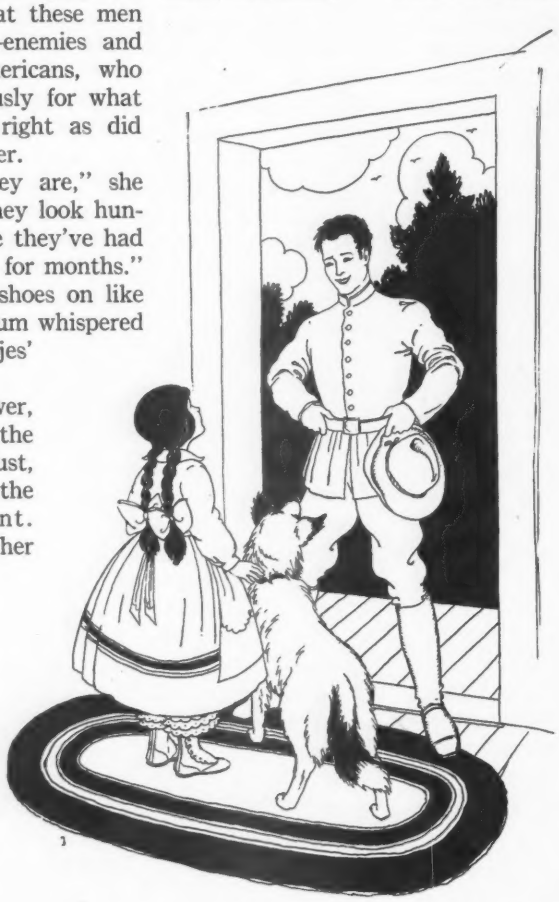
When the Confederates marched down the road to Frederick, it was not with the crack of musketry but with the singing of songs. The Union troops, realizing they would be outnumbered, had retreated eastward, and for a time western Maryland offered the enemy an undisputed passage. The border teemed with Southern sympathizers, and among the invaders were many Maryland volunteers returning to their native state for the first time since their enlistment. So it was not surprising that while the Union people dreaded the invasion, there were others who welcomed it and lined the roadsides to cheer the soldiers as they passed.

The fife and drum of the approaching troops called Sarah from the house, and beckoning to Conundrum, they hid in the bushes by the gate. The footsteps of the moving army awakened the echoes of the hills, and they could hear the steady rhythm of the marching feet long before the advance guard rounded the bend in the road. The regimental band took up the air, "Maryland, my Maryland,"

and a thousand eager voices joined in the singing. It was not the usual column of well-ordered soldiers the children saw, but a band of excited boys, shouting and waving their hats in the enthusiasm of expected victory. It was all Sarah could do to restrain herself from singing with them, forgetting for the moment that these men were her enemies—enemies and yet her fellow Americans, who fought as courageously for what they believed was right as did her own brave father.

"How ragged they are," she whispered. "And they look hungry—I don't believe they've had a good square meal for months."

"They ain't got shoes on like our men," Conundrum whispered back. "They feet jes' tied up in rags."



Sarah did not answer, for she had seen the bloodstains in the dust, left by the feet of the marching regiment. There were tears in her eyes, as she slowly followed the path to the door.

Soldiers had been a familiar sight on the roads of the county for many months, but now the turnpikes were gray with marching columns instead of blue. The Confederate cavalry scouted the countryside for forage and provisions. The soldiers paid generously for what they took—paid in Confederate money—and many a thrifty German housewife gasped in astonishment at the roll of bills laid on her kitchen table in exchange for the milk and eggs she sold them.

September eighth was Mrs. Sterling's birthday and, to Sarah's disappointment, she found she must go to Frederick on that day. The city was under martial law, and anyone who left or entered was closely questioned, but she was confident that she could get a pass.

"You'll be safe here with Mammy and Uncle Mose. General Lee has issued an order that his men are to respect personal property, and if any soldiers should come while I'm away, just sell them what they want. I'll be back in time for supper."

Sarah smiled cheerfully and decided if they couldn't have the celebration they had planned, she at least could surprise Mother on her return with a freezer of ice cream. This was a new dish—one she had never tried before—but Mrs. Mackey on the adjoining farm had offered to loan her a freezer and she had studied the recipe very carefully in the Frederick paper. Mammy Chloe grumbled about "dese heah new-fangled notions," but nevertheless she brought ice from the neighbor's ice house and watched with interest while her small mistress stirred the ingredients. Out in the back yard Sarah was surrounded by a circle of wondering pickaninnies. She used their curiosity to good advantage, promising each of them a taste if they would take turns at the freezer. When finally she covered it with a piece of canvas, awaiting Mother's coming, she felt quite proud.

Before the huge fireplace in the kitchen, Mammy was roasting a chicken on the iron spit that rested in the hook behind the tall andirons. Lily White, Conundrum's older sister, sat before it, and as she turned the meat with a long wooden handle, the tears mingled with the perspiration on her cheeks. Big girl though she was, she wanted to join her brothers in building a corncob house out in the back pasture, but Mammy had decided otherwise. She had work to do in her own cabin, and Lily White must stay in the big house, to roast the chicken and "mind de lil' missy." Sarah had to laugh at the idea—she was confident that if anything should happen, she was the one who would take care of the darkies.

"Never you mind, Lily White," she said. "You can have some ice cream after awhile."

She was rewarded by seeing Lily White's black face light up with a smile. In the cool parlor she lay down for a few minutes' rest on the sofa, while she planned the birthday supper. She would gather asters for the table and use the willow-ware china, and they would have roast chicken and ice cream. Teaser, now a lanky, half-grown dog who never could seem to remember that he wasn't still a puppy, crouched at her feet. He must have read her thoughts, for he eyed her hungrily and wagged his tail.

"Hello, sister!"

She looked up in surprise to see a grayback standing by the open door of the front porch. Teaser bristled his tawny coat and growled; but Sarah, looking into the good-natured face of the youthful Confederate, felt reassured.

"Hello, Johnny," she returned his greeting saucily.

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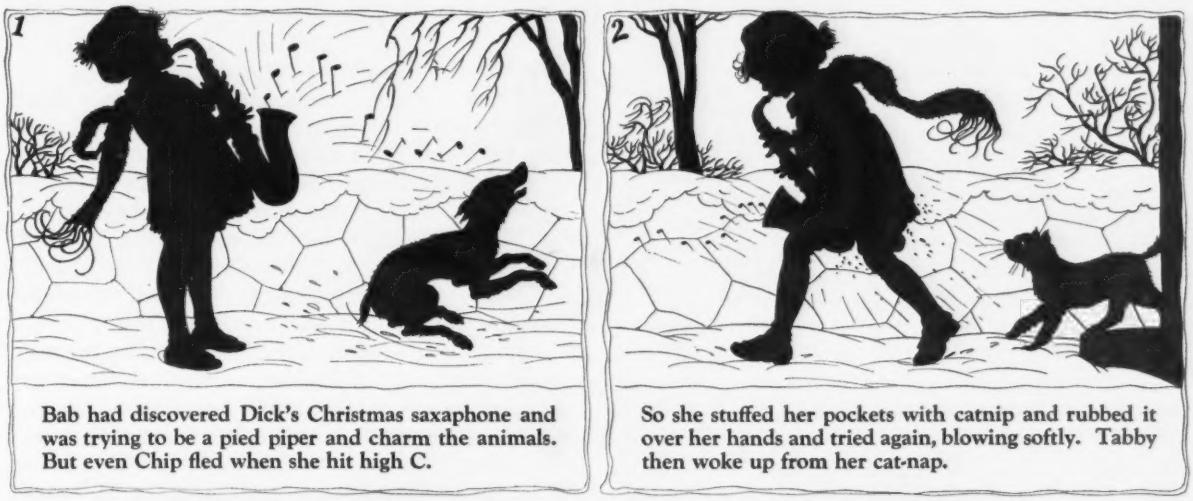
CHIP'S CHUMS

BY MARJORIE BARROWS



Bab had discovered Dick's Christmas saxaphone and was trying to be a pied piper and charm the animals. But even Chip fled when she hit high C.

So she stuffed her pockets with catnip and rubbed it over her hands and tried again, blowing softly. Tabby then woke up from her cat-nap.

Tabby told others and soon several cats and kittens had joined Bab's parade. None were mean and catty, though, until two impolite tomcats arrived.

Me-ow---Ssssp t! How the fur flew! Bab, in the midst of dozens of sharp claws and a whirling mass of bushy tails tried in vain to prevent a cat-astrophe.

Then Chip came to the rescue, the cats and kittens fled, and Bab hugged her hero until his tail was dizzy.

THE WILLOW WHISTLE

By Cornelia Meigs

Author of "*Rain on the Roof*," "*Master Simon's Garden*," "*The Trade Wind*," "*Clearing Weather*," etc.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED

According to an old Indian custom, Chief Gray Eagle carried Mary Anne away from the frontier settlement where she lived to the village of the Sioux Indians, for in this way he expected to pledge friendship with her father. The white people could make no objection, lest the Indians interpret their concern as distrust; but when a week had passed and Mary Anne had not returned, John Seabold, her father, started out to search for her with three Indians and Eric Thorveg, her playmate, who had taught her how to make a willow whistle with which she could always call to him. They found the Sioux village deserted and knew that the Indians had been scattered by a sudden attack of their enemies, the Arikarees. The searchers parted, each going in a different direction, Eric choosing the trail leading from the shore toward the hills. In the meanwhile Mary Anne had made friends with the Indian children, sharing their games and riding with them on the pony they had given her. Then came the night of the Arikarees' attack, and Gray Eagle's people, knowing they were outnumbered, scattered with their horses and vanished in the dark. The chief's mother, Swift Pigeon, caught the mane of a plunging pony and escaped with Mary Anne and her papoose. Eric knew that Gray Eagle had taken Mary Anne away because he was her friend and now that she was in danger, his people would carry her away to the safest place they knew. Therefore, he guided Sancho, his pony, up into the hills to search for her. A great wounded buffalo came snorting toward him, but by his cunning, Eric was able to escape and continued his search, looking carefully at the ground, as he rode, to see if he could catch sight of a trail left by the Indians' horses. At last he came to a ravine and saw beyond the rocks a faint curl of smoke. He could make out a pony moving up the far slope of the valley, but had no way of knowing whether it belonged to the friendly Sioux or the hostile Arikarees. Then while he waited he heard the thin, wavering piping of a willow whistle, and he knew that he had found Mary Anne, for she was the only person besides himself who knew how to fashion a green whistle that would blow that note. He called to her, and the sound came again —the clear call of a willow whistle.

PART V

AS MARY ANNE came rushing to meet Eric across the little grassy valley, her first words were a warning.

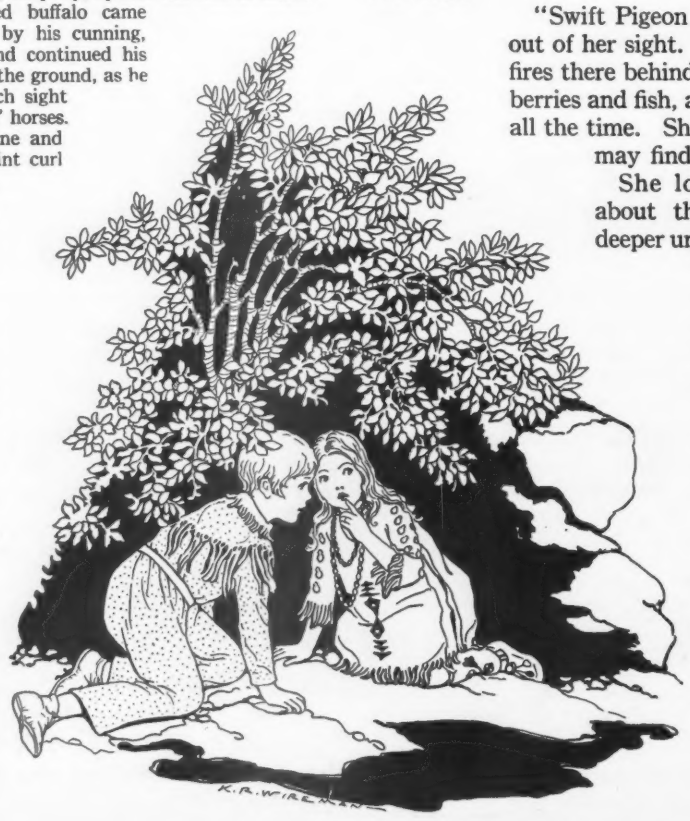
"Crouch down, here under the bushes. Swift Pigeon said I must never run across the open grass like that, but—but when I saw you—"

She did not finish. Her shining face was enough to tell her comrade just how welcome he was.

"Why must we hide?" he said, but she hushed him instantly.

"Not so loud. Speak in a whisper. The—the Arikarees might hear us."

Eric crouched obediently, stole down to the edge of the water, and hid himself beside her under the drooping cover of the scrub alders. He listened silently while Mary Anne, always speaking low and close to his ear, gave him the whole account of her adventures in the Sioux village and of the flight with Swift Pigeon, the brown baby and the dun pony, when the Arikaree Indians scattered her friends in the dark.



"Swift Pigeon will hardly let me get out of her sight. We build the littlest fires there behind the rocks and we eat berries and fish, and try to keep hidden all the time. She thinks the Arikarees may find us yet."

She looked anxiously all about them, and crept even deeper under the bushes. There was no sound or sight of anyone behind the spur of jutting bowlders, and the little curl of smoke had floated quite away. Eric touched the green whistle still held in her hand.

"And where did you get that?" he asked. "The old one must have dried up long ago."

"I got so tired of sitting still below the rock," she answered, "so I slipped down to the water and I was thinking so much

about the cabin at home and about you, that I was cutting myself a willow whistle, just the way you showed me. And then I heard a horse's feet and saw you and Sancho come over the ridge, and if there had been a thousand Arikaree Indians listening, I could not have helped blowing the whistle to make you hear."

Eric, falling under the spell of her whispering anxiety, stole out from the thicket, unsaddled his pony, and hid the saddle and bridle behind a log. He drove Sancho up the slope to graze out of sight beyond a stretch of bushy trees, and then came back to his place beside Mary Anne. He was not, however, quite sure that they really had to take such care to keep hidden.

"Gray Eagle's village is miles and miles away," he said. "The Arikarees only wanted the horses and certainly they would never follow you so far just to get one more."

"They all wanted our pony; the Indians everywhere for miles around had heard of Gray Eagle's horse that runs so fast and is the color of a deer. Swift Pigeon knew the Arikarees would ride and ride until they found him. She chose the way so carefully as we came along, always going on hard ground so the pony's feet would not leave a mark. Now and then we had to cross a river where the bank was soft, but she wouldn't let me down for fear of making footprints."

Eric had taken no such care. He had found them on a chance guess; but would anyone following his trail need to trust to good fortune? His trail was marked as clear as noonday the whole of the way. Had anyone been riding behind him?

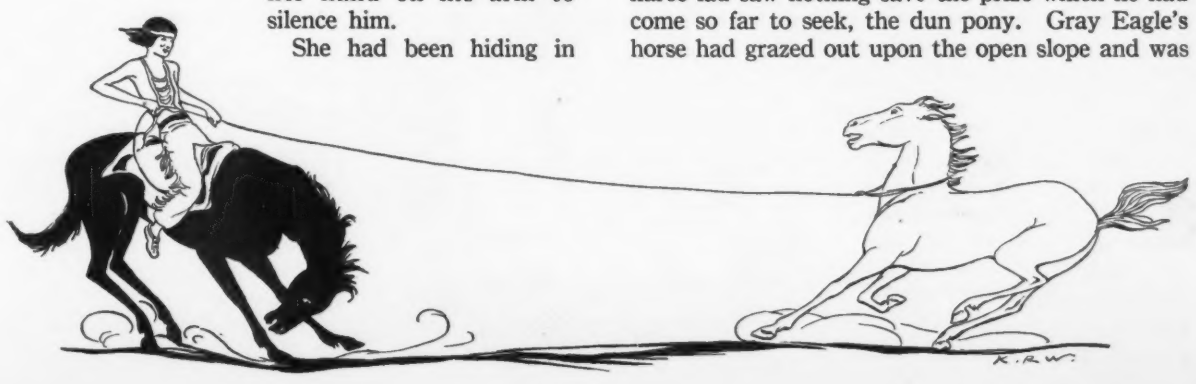
"Do you think—" he began. Mary Anne put her hand on his arm to silence him.

She had been hiding in that place only two days and a night, but the sense of danger had already taught her ears to be very keen. In a minute Eric heard the sound which she had caught first, the noise of scrambling and trampling feet. A horse and rider came over the ridge which Eric had crossed and stood, just where he had first stopped, to look all across the valley. It had grown darker now by the space of more than an hour, but was still light enough to show the lean, long-legged horse and the tall rider with feathers in his hair. It was an Indian, an enemy Arikaree and not a friendly Sioux. And, as the horse crossed the ridge in the last of the clear light, Eric knew even what Arikaree it was, that boy of his own age who had swung his torch and challenged him to a race above the river bank.

The two under the bushes hardly dared to breathe as the Indian came near. He rode by, so close that, when his horse's hoof struck a rotten log, the splinters flew into Mary Anne's lap. She did not move a muscle. Swift Pigeon had taught her what every Indian woman teaches every Indian child, what every mother deer, rabbit and partridge teaches her babies—that to keep absolutely still is far safer than to run away.

Somewhere behind the spur of ragged stones, the old Indian woman, Swift Pigeon, was clasping the brown baby and crouching, equally motionless and watchful, while their enemy rode by without seeing them.

An older brave would have looked to right and left, would have noticed a dislodged stone or a blowing half-burned leaf that turned over and over before the fluttering evening breeze. But the Arikaree lad saw nothing save the prize which he had come so far to seek, the dun pony. Gray Eagle's horse had grazed out upon the open slope and was



plainly visible even in the fading light. His head was up, his pale mane was blowing. Through his wide nostrils came a snort of angry defiance. Indian ponies are wise little beasts; among other things they know easily the difference between a friend and an enemy.

There followed a contest so intense and exciting that the two in the bushes could hardly even pretend to hide themselves, so eager were they to see what was to happen. The clever Sioux pony doubled and dodged, ran headlong, then stopped short to spin about, and speed away in the opposite direction. He never lost his footing on the steep slope and he stayed in the open ground away from the rocks and wooded hillside, where he could wheel and scamper without hindrance.

The long-legged Arikaree horse was no match for him in agility or speed. He tried to follow and turn as the dun pony did, but was clumsy and slow beside that other, whose quickness was like a darting swallow's. Under his rider's beating quirt, the bigger horse lumbered heavily up and down in pursuit, but was always left far behind in the game of catch as catch can.

"He will never get him," rejoiced Mary Anne, but Eric shook his head.

"The Arikaree has something more than just his horse. Look."

The Indian rider was uncoiling the rawhide rope which hung at his horse's withers. He tested the smooth-running noose at the end, whirled it about his head and flung it as the pony sped by. The little beast was quick and clever, but man's wit was too much for him. The noose dropped about his neck, and he stopped short in a sliding plunge, making one last attempt to throw the rope over his head. It settled and tightened about his neck and he was fairly caught.

The Arikaree boy leaped to the ground and swung himself upon the back of his new mount.

"The pony will throw him just the way he threw you," Mary Anne said to Eric.

But she was mistaken. Gray Eagle's swift horse who had bucked Eric over his head, with such cheerful ease, now submitted sullenly, and stood with hanging head while his new master took a turn of the rope around the little horse's lower jaw as the Indian substitute for a bridle. Then they rode away, all three of them, the stranger, the meek, captured pony and the long-legged horse trailing in the rear.

The big tears were rolling down Mary Anne's cheeks as she saw them go. Her grief was only over the loss of a good friend; she was not thinking of any further trouble until Eric said,

"It is not going to be very easy to get home now."

Worn-out Sancho was their only mount, and he had been ridden for a night and a day. He could go no farther without a day at least of rest. He could carry Swift Pigeon, Mary Anne and the papoose while Eric must walk beside them for all of that long, slow journey through country where the enemy was still at large.

"Perhaps your father or mine will find us before we have got very far," he reassured Mary Anne, but he had no very hopeful heart behind the words. It was a boy's guess to try riding in the direction he had taken, a lucky guess, for he had found Mary Anne. But with something of a boy's carelessness he had neglected to tell any of his companions which way he was going. And there were many miles of prairie and hills to be searched before John Seabold might chance to follow him.

When Mary Anne brought Eric to the little camp under the shelter of the rocky spur, Swift Pigeon looked at him with black, beady eyes and said nothing. The small papoose, lying on its bed of dry grass, stared at him in the same Indian silence. But for Eric there were only two things that counted, that he had found Mary Anne and that he needed sleep. He ate such food as the squaw could put before him, his eyes growing heavy even as he sat by the fire and tried to talk to Mary Anne. Then he curled up on a bed of willow boughs which the old Indian woman had got ready for him. The smell of the crushed leaves and of the green twigs was sweet in his nostrils as he dropped his head upon his arm.

"If you want to wake me, blow the willow whistle," he said, and was instantly asleep.

All that night and well into the next day he slumbered. It was almost noon when he sat up, suddenly wide awake and rested and hungry as a wolf.

Swift Pigeon was making preparations for the homeward journey. She had gathered berries and roots, had caught more fish and was showing Mary Anne how to wrap them with bark and willow leaves. Sancho was stuffing himself greedily with grass beside the creek. As Eric watched him graze, stepping from one stretch of green to another, the boy's heart sank. The stout little pony must have strained a fore leg or a shoulder which had stiffened with rest; for he moved forward with an awkward hobble. Yet, lame as he was, he must give them what help he could

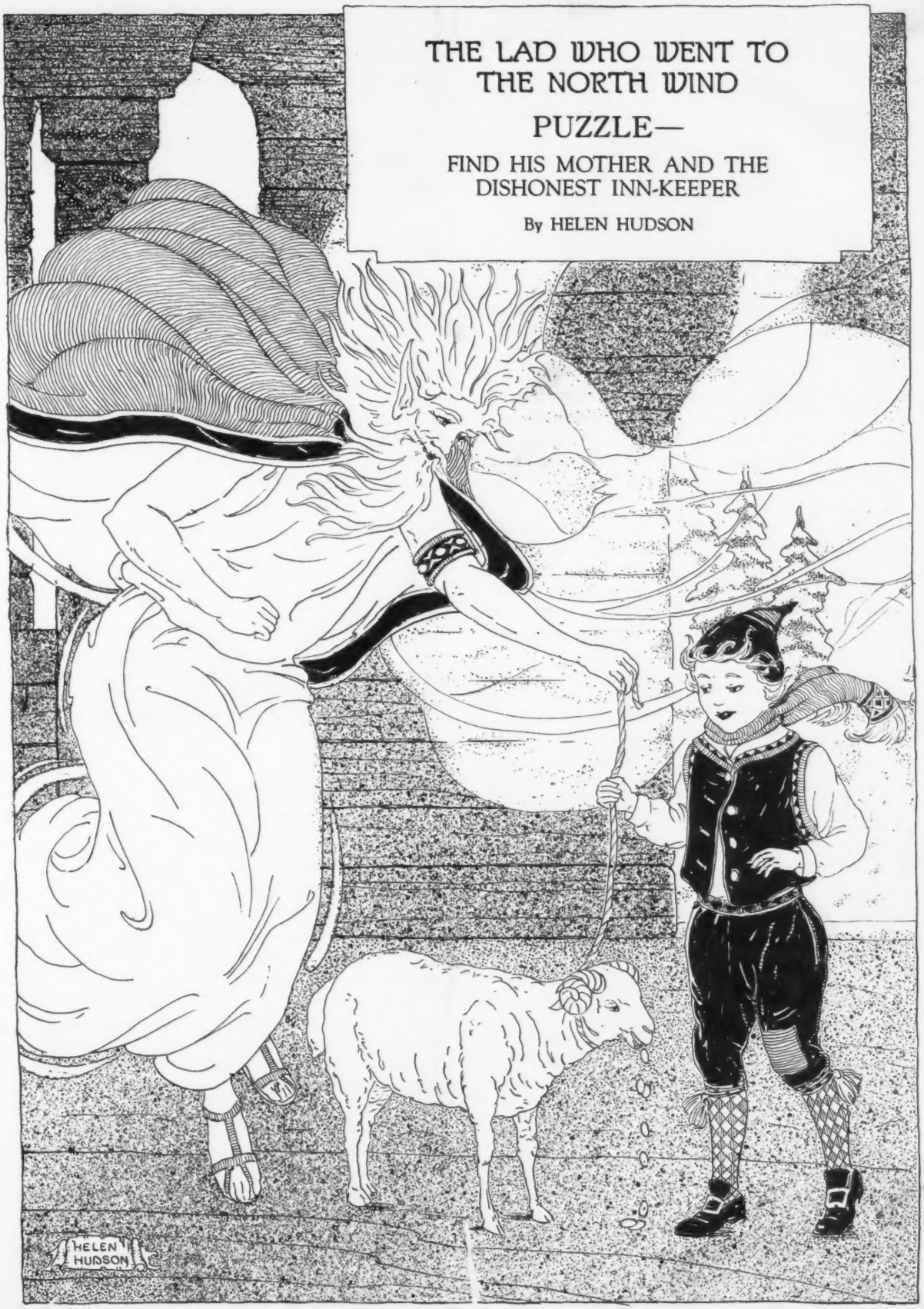
[Continued on page 28]

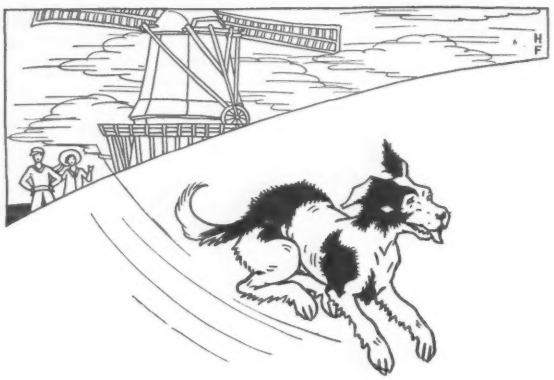
THE LAD WHO WENT TO THE NORTH WIND

PUZZLE—

FIND HIS MOTHER AND THE DISHONEST INN-KEEPER

By HELEN HUDSON





BICYCLES AND WINDMILLS IN HOLLAND

[Continued from page 15]

the seat, stretching up toward the arm as it swept down toward him. He could not quite reach it, but so intent was he on saving the dog that he gave a leap toward it. To the consternation of all three, he was soon swinging upward, hanging on by both hands.

"Let go," Ruth screamed, as soon as she saw that he too would be carried high into the air.

But he had no intention of letting go, now that he was this near the dog. With one hand over the other, he slid along the crossbars as the arm swung him higher and higher above the mill.

Grandfather was almost beside himself. Now he had to save both Bill and the dog. He and Ruth were so anxious that they did not hear hoof beats on the road, and so the carriage had stopped before they knew anyone else was present.

"Can you stop a windmill?" Grandfather called to a girl in the carriage, forgetting that he was in a strange country where he could not speak the language.

A girl with serious, kindly eyes stepped with quiet dignity from the carriage. She did not answer, but she walked straight toward the windmill, and he knew that she had seen Bill's danger. She caught a rope hanging behind the open door of the mill house, and as the arm to which Bill was clinging lowered, she pulled with all her strength on the rope. The arm moved more slowly, and stopped as Bill came near the steps.

Bill hugging the puppy under one arm hopped down and ran to thank her. Grandfather was already telling her how grateful he was, while Ruth looked up into her face, wondering where she had seen it before.

The girl smiled quietly as the coachman held the door of the coach open for her. She stopped to pat the dog, and as the carriage started away, she leaned out to wave good-bye.

Suddenly Ruth clapped her hands. "I know her," she cried. "She was the princess—the princess of Holland. I knew I'd seen her before."

"And where have you been playing with princesses?" Bill asked doubtfully.

"I haven't really seen her before," Ruth answered. "But I know from her pictures."

"I believe you're right," Grandfather answered. "She goes to school in Leyden."

"Anyway, she's learned how to stop a windmill," Bill said. "Here, you young scatterbrain," he added to the dog, setting him on his feet, "make a bow. It's not every dog in Holland that can boast he was saved by a princess."

The dog steadied himself on his short legs, but instead of bowing, he shot like a streak toward the farmhouse which was his home.

BIG CHIEF

[Continued from page 17]

absorbing, they quite forgot their plan to waylay the pretended Sheriff of Nottingham, until they met Allan-a-Dale returning to report that he had heard the whistle of the afternoon train from the city. But when they told him of the pony ride, Maurice joined them without further thought of scouting for the "sheriff."

When they reached the camp in the hollow of the hill, the children stared curiously at the group of Indians, their tents and horses and wagons. At White Wolf's command a young Indian brought from the shade of a tree, a sleek piebald pony with gayly decorated saddle. The children had been taught to ride and they enjoyed to the utmost their brief gallops on the limber Indian pony. When everyone had had a turn, except Lonny who refused flatly to trust himself to the piebald, Norman thanked White Wolf politely for them all, and said they must go.

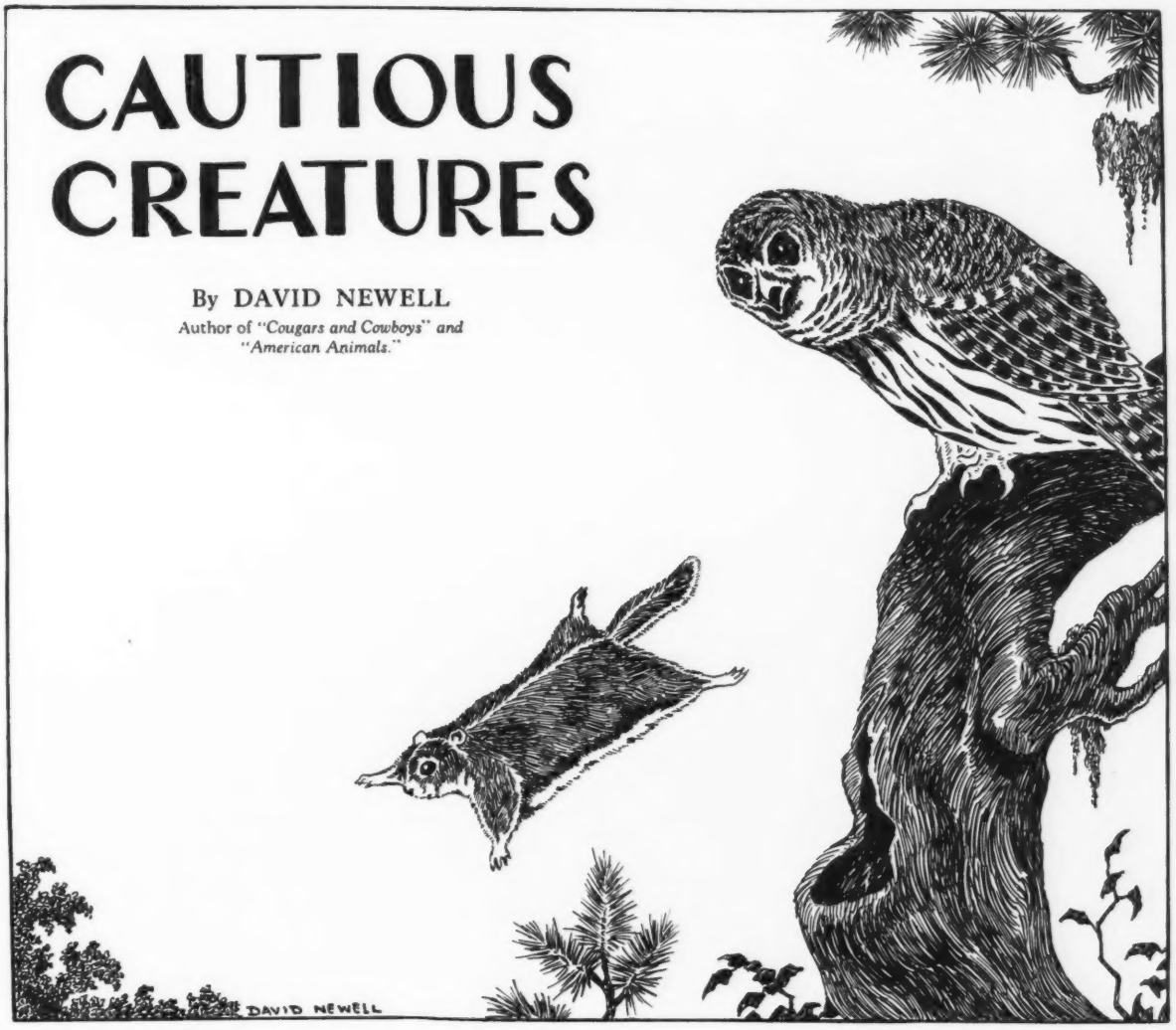
But White Wolf didn't seem satisfied. "No go!" he protested. "White Wolf want present!"

"A present?" questioned Norman, puzzled.

[Continued on page 28]

CAUTIOUS CREATURES

By DAVID NEWELL
Author of "Cougars and Cowboys" and "American Animals."



FLYING SQUIRREL

A FEW minutes ago—just at dusk—this furry little flying squirrel came out of his nest in the hollow tree and started out to look for acorns. From deep in the big woods he heard a sound that sent him scampering back up the tree. "Hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo-hoohooaw!" came the cry, in deep, gutteral notes. Flying squirrel began to squeak with alarm, for he didn't like owls and he knew that this sound was made by a big barred owl.

Suddenly a grey shadow swooped down from above the pine tops. The barred owl dug his talons into the bark of the hollow tree right where flying squirrel had just been. The owl's wings had not made a sound, but flying squirrel's big black eyes had been watching and like a flash he dove toward the ground. It doesn't make any difference to flying squirrel how far it is to the ground, for he has loose skin along his sides and when he spreads his legs this skin stretches tight and enables him to sail for ever so far.

I suppose you are wondering why flying squirrel didn't dash into his hollow. Of course, he would have been safe enough, but you see he didn't have time to squeeze into a hole—he just had to leap for dear life!

The old owl is pretty mad at losing a meal, and if you were near enough you could hear him snapping his beak angrily. (That's the way owls do when they are mad, but it doesn't get them anywhere!) Pretty soon the owl will fly silently away, and flying squirrel will collect some fine acorns to add to his winter food supply. Of course, he has to keep his eyes open all the time when he is down on the ground, for he can't sail *up*, you see, and there are foxes, house cats, weasels, etc., that would all like to catch a fat little flying squirrel.

Flying squirrels make very cute pets, and no doubt many of you who read this have a pair of your own. I used to have a pair.

(For contest directions, see page 48)

BIG CHIEF

[Continued from page 26]

The Indian nodded his head.

"Ugh! Ugh!" he assented. "Indian give children ride; boy give Indian present!" And to Norman's dismay, the chief's sharp eyes fastened themselves on his bow and quiver of arrows.

The archery set had been bought for the boy by an admiring uncle at a sports store in the city. The bow was of fine wood with green leather tips and a silver name plate on the inside with the inscription, *Robin Hood*. The quiver was of brightly-colored leather. Norman would not have parted with the outfit for anything.

But that was just what the chief wanted him to do.

"Give me bow and arrow!" he urged.

Norman stepped back hastily. "Oh, I couldn't do that!" he said. "But I tell you what," he added placatingly, "I'll give you my jackknife!" But the Indian, scowling, seized hold of the bow.

Norman was an even-tempered boy but he had no intention of letting his bow and arrows be taken away. "You let go!" he said, and tried to wrest his treasure from him.

The others looked on with growing anxiety. "Oh, Normy, do stop; never mind the bow!" entreated Ethel, almost expecting to see a tomahawk flash out of the Indian's belt.

But Norman's blood was up. "You can't have it," he panted.

White Wolf who had begun the battle, anticipating an easy victory, was angered by the boy's resistance, and began shaking him, and shouting gutterally. Other Indians came running.

The children were thoroughly frightened. Edie and Lonny, forgetting they were Will Stutely and Friar Tuck, burst into tears. Ethel, striving to keep up her part as Little John, was urging the others to join her in an attempt to rescue their brave leader, when her quick eyes caught sight of a familiar carryall and a pair of bay horses trotting along the main road. Father was coming! Oh, if only she could get to him! The bushes along the highway hid her from view, so there was no use waving. She could only set off at top speed.

She was quite breathless, and her legs ached, but she succeeded in reaching the gate in the barbed-wire fence before the carryall passed. Throwing it open, in another moment she was standing on the carriage step with her father's arm around her.

It did not take long for her father to turn in at the gate and drive over the grassy road on the hill-top, to the scene of action. As the tall man in gray, with the ruddy face and gray moustache got out of the carryall, the crowd of Indians stopped running, and White Wolf released Norman.

Mr. Mason wasted no time in demanding explanations, but pointing back toward the distant camp, sternly ordered the Indian to "go at once."

At the voice of authority White Wolf lost his threatening manner with remarkable suddenness and assumed an air of offended dignity.

"Big Chief speak, Indian go!" he remarked proudly, and stalked off toward his friends.

"You rascal!" Mr. Mason called after him, then turned to the children and laughed. "Big Chief of the Mason tribe I suppose he means!" he said. "But come on now, all you brave archers, get into that carryall and see what you find in those boxes on the back seat. We must get home."

With cries of joy Robin Hood's band obeyed. But Norman, his face still red from his efforts, his thick brown hair all tousled on the top of his head, and his eyes bluer than ever with excitement, climbed in beside his father.

"Father," he said confidentially, when the carriage had started, "I can't explain what I mean, right now, but you don't know how glad I am that you were just Father, to-day, instead of the Sheriff of Nottingham!"

THE WILLOW WHISTLE

[Continued from page 24]

on the long homeward trail.

They set out at sunset, since it would be safer to travel in the dark. Mary Anne and Swift Pigeon took turns in riding and carrying the baby. Eric trudged bravely ahead and Sancho limped behind. Slow progress they made, down the winding valley, over the ridges and out upon the great dark plain. To-night there was not even a moon to light them.

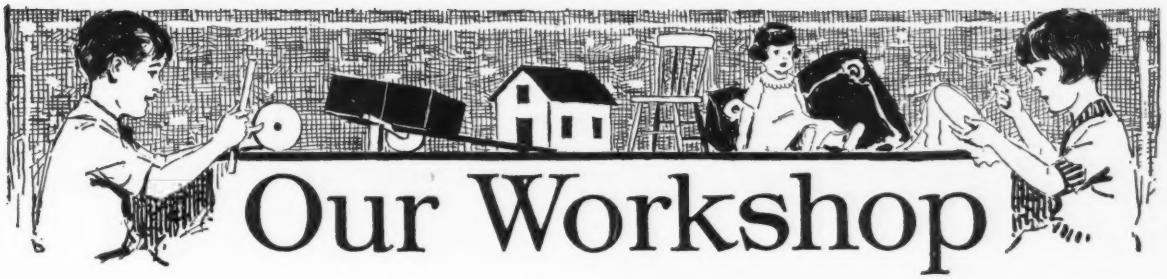
They traveled until midnight, stopped to rest a little and then got up to plod on again. Sancho moved slower and slower; with all of Eric's urging he would scarcely stumble forward. Mary Anne uttered never a complaint; indeed for the last five miles she had been too weary to speak at all. The patient baby whimpered softly but still did not cry. The old Indian woman muttered a little in her own tongue as she rocked it in her arms.

Suddenly Swift Pigeon flung up her head to listen. They all heard the sound, horses' galloping feet coming from a great way off. Sancho stood still and lifted his own head to give a loud whinny.

"If it is white men coming, they will shout," Eric thought. He stood hearkening, the feet came nearer but no voice answered. Was it Indians? He did not have time to ponder long over what they should do. Two dark forms came blundering out of the darkness; the dun-colored pony dropped his nose into Swift Pigeon's hand and stood nuzzling and nickering in soft delight.

Trailing behind him, attached to the hide rope which his captor had used for a bridle, was the long-legged horse which the Indian boy had ridden. It was not difficult to guess just what had happened. The Sioux pony had loped along, apparently quite obedient to the will of his new master, but actually biding his time. When the easy pace had lasted for hours, when the rider was quite satisfied and

[Continued on page 37]



Our Workshop

BY A. NEELY HALL
Author of "*Making Things with Tools*," "*Big Book of Boys' Hobbies*," etc.

WINTER FEEDERS FOR BIRDS

IF YOU are a true bird lover, you will provide food for winter tarrying birds and early spring arrivals, as well as houses for the nesting season. With bare ground and moderate weather, birds can subsist on the remains of last summer's crop of seeds and berries on vines, stalks and bushes, but when these are buried by snows, your assistance will be all that will stand between the birds and starvation. Feeding your feathered friends will require little time, and you will feel a thousand times repaid in watching the results of your benefaction. But if you undertake this service, you must be as regular about the food supply as you are about your own meals, because it would be unforgivable to break faith with your little dependents.

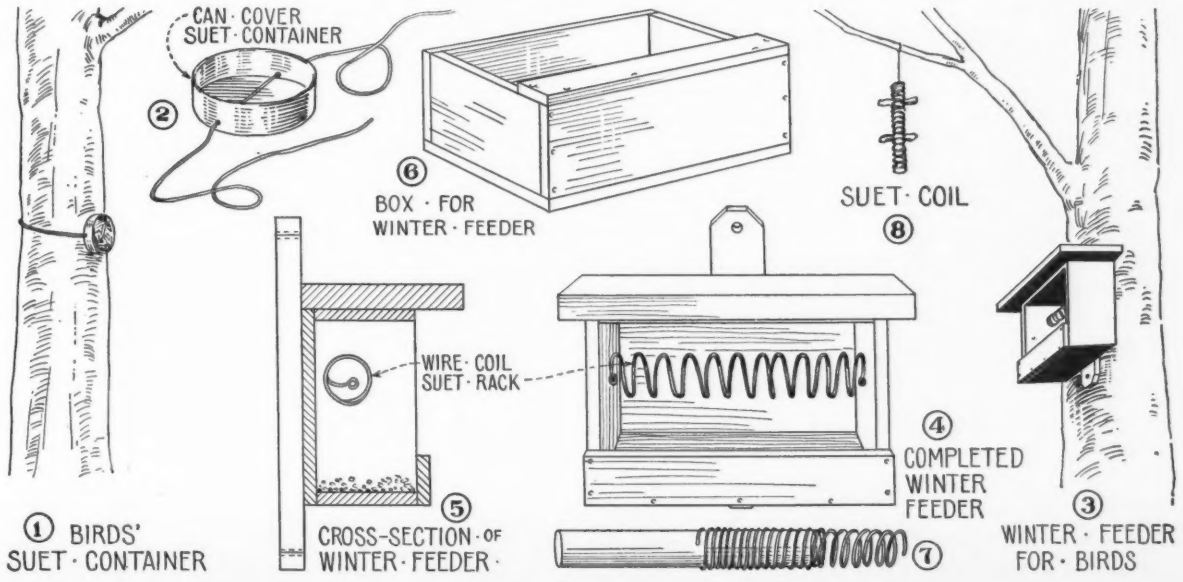
The suet container, shown strapped to a tree in Figure 1, is easy to make. Probably you will want to make half a dozen of them. The container is a cover from a baking-powder can. Punch a hole through opposite sides of the rim, as shown in Figure 2, and run a piece of picture wire or other small wire through the holes. Punch the holes with a brad-awl, or with the point of a nail. Cut the wire ends plenty long enough to reach around a tree trunk and join.

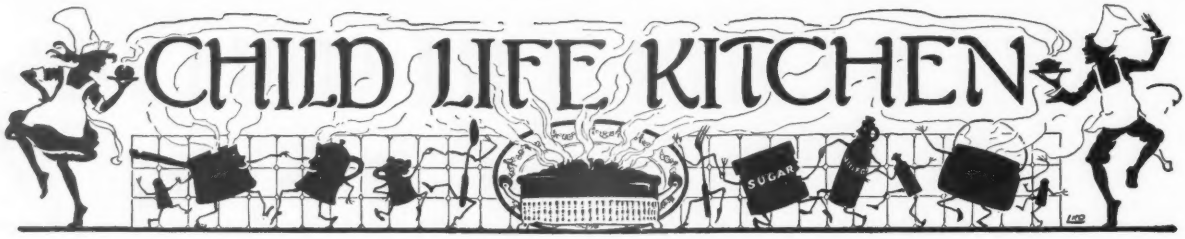
Filling the container is fun. Melt the suet in a tin can or saucepan, and pour the cover brimful.

The winter feeder shown on the tree in Figure 3 has a wire coil in which to place strips of suet, and a feeding table on which to throw bread crumbs, hemp, millet, sunflower seed and poultry feed, or several of these forms of food.

Figure 4 shows a detail of the completed feeder. Figure 5 shows a cross-section. Any small box will do for the shelter. The box shown in Figure 6 measures 3 inches deep, 5 inches wide and 9 inches long, inside. To prepare it for the feeder, first nail a narrow strip of wood across its top, even with the long edge, as shown in Figure 6. Then cut a piece of board large enough to make a roof with a projection of about 1 inch over the front and ends of the feeder, and nail it to the box side. Cut a strip of wood about 2 inches wide, and long enough to project several inches above and below the feeder, for a hanger strip. Trim off the corners of each end, and bore a small hole for a nail or screw, then nail the strip to the center of the back of the feeder box.

[*Continued on page 42*]





WE BEGIN THE NEW YEAR WITH VEGETABLES

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

Author of "Cooking Without Mother's Help," "Junior Cook Book," "Sewing Without Mother's Help," "Jean and Jerry, Detectors," etc.

HAVE you made your New Year resolutions? We have ours all ready. We have written them on a fresh piece of paper and New Year's morning we plan to pin them on the kitchen door where we shall be sure to see them every time we go in or out. Do you want to know what we've resolved? All right, we'll tell you the first five, because maybe you will want to put them on your list, too. We hope you will.

1. Eat at mealtime only. We do sometimes eat an apple or orange in the afternoon and we may continue, but otherwise, we've resolved, mealtime only.
2. Eat slowly.
3. Eat more vegetables.
4. Drink a pint of milk each day.
5. Cook something at least once a week, and oftener when possible.

Aren't those excellent food resolutions with which to begin the year? As soon as we wrote them down we began at once studying number three, for if we are to eat more vegetables, we want some new recipes to give variety and interest to our menus.

After much experimenting and considerable fun, we have chosen three recipes for our lesson this month—three, think of that! And if you like them as well as the guests we've tried them on do, you will use these recipes often during the winter. The first one is a mixture of fresh and canned vegetables, the second is all fresh and the third all canned; so you see there is a nice proportion. Before beginning any work you must always be sure that supplies are in the pantry. Most of us knew that from before, but it does no harm to speak of it now, because we often have many new arrivals after Christmas. These recipes are so planned that you can do the marketing for all three at the same time. Make the dish that calls for celery, first, the soup second and the baked vegetables last—isn't that a good plan? We like to save time on marketing, even though it is good fun, and have just that much more time for real cooking.

For the three recipes you will need a bunch of choice celery (a bunch usually contains three stalks of average size, more if the stalks are small), an onion (there may be onions in the vegetable bin in the pantry, so notice before you buy), a bunch of carrots (five or six of medium size), a can of corn, two cans of tomatoes, a box of cracker meal, butter, salt, pepper and milk in amounts given in the recipes. Also see that you have on hand fresh crackers for serving with the soup.

The utensils needed will be a saucepan and ladle for the soup, and a medium-sized baking dish for the other recipes, in addition to the usual supply of measuring spoons and cups and a paring knife and can opener. All those can be looked up at one time, and you will know where to find them, when they are needed.

Now with marketing done, we are ready for the first dish.

BAKED CELERY AND TOMATOES

Cut all the large pieces from three choice stalks of celery, reserving the tiny hearts for use later. These hearts should be washed and put in a covered jar in the refrigerator to crisp. They can be used the next day as a relish with the soup.

Wash the large pieces, scrubbing well if they are sandy, and cut into inch lengths.

Wash again and drain.

Put the celery into a saucepan; add 1 cupful boiling water and simmer 20 minutes.

Open the can of tomatoes and pour the contents into a bowl.

Measure 2 tablespoonfuls butter and cut into tiny bits.

Measure ⅓ cupful cracker meal and set to one side; also measure 1 teaspoonful salt.

Dust the bottom and sides of the baking dish with crackermeal; shake the dish around till the meal powders the whole of the inside.

By the time the celery has simmered 20 minutes there will not be much water left; what little there is should be used with the celery, as it contains valuable mineral food

Put ⅓ the tomato into the baking dish.

[Continued on page 40]

Big things are expected of

Young Champ Clark

Growing up well and strong with this little care so many mothers give

At White Fish Lake, Minnesota, Champ sits for hours with his eye on his bobber . . . miniature—but a sportsman in the making

Champ Clark is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Bennett Champ Clark, of Clayton, Missouri. He is named for his famous grandfather and is being brought up just 90 miles from the old homestead in Pike County

IF you're six years old and you have a proud name, a lot is going to be expected of you, later on.

Champ Clark's Dad was the youngest Colonel in the A. E. F. His grandfather, for whom he's named, was that fine old figure who was twenty-five years in Congress, and who was speaker of the House in two administrations.

Young Champ is the merriest little boy that ever was. Interested in everything, and most of all, "playing outdoors."

He may never make a political speech in his life. But he's being brought up with very special care, for whatever he may do. His parents are determined he shall have the best start possible.

So they watch his health habits carefully—see that his bedtime is regulated and his playtime kept free. And all his life Champ has had the breakfast that authorities advise.

When Champ was a baby his mother consulted a famous child specialist. She did as he said and used the *hot, cooked* cereal long called the children's own—Cream of Wheat.

One of the reasons Champ is so well is his Cream of Wheat breakfast, Mrs. Clark believes

"Hot cereal for breakfast is simply routine with Champ," says Mrs. Clark. "And Cream of Wheat is as staple in our house as bread and butter."

Thousands of other mothers follow the same advice. Pediatricians the country over are giving it. Recently, in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, and Toronto, 221 leading child specialists were asked their opinion of Cream of Wheat. *All* of them approved it.

They know how rich it is in energy-giving substance, how easy to digest, since all the harsh part of the grain is removed.

Give your youngsters this simple daily care that means so much to their welfare. Start them off regularly with Cream of Wheat for breakfast.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, made by the Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

CREAM OF WHEAT

FREE—this plan that makes children enthusiastic about their *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast. The H. C. B. Club, with badges, pictures, gold stars, etc. A children's Hot Cereal Breakfast Club, with 734,000 participants. All material sent free, direct to your children, with sample box of Cream of Wheat (if desired). Just mail coupon to:

CREAM OF WHEAT CORPORATION DEPT. R-28
MINNEAPOLIS MINNESOTA

Child's Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

To get sample of Cream of Wheat, check here.....

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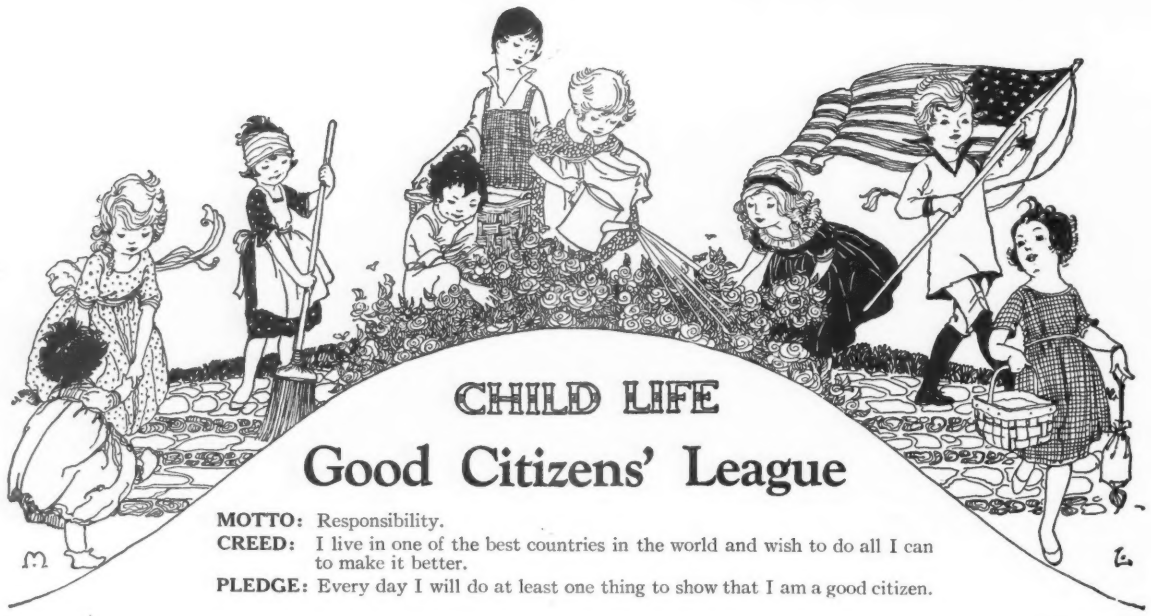


CHILD LIFE

Good Citizens' League

MOTTO: Responsibility.
CREED: I live in one of the best countries in the world and wish to do all I can to make it better.
PLEDGE: Every day I will do at least one thing to show that I am a good citizen.

THRIFT MONTH

THE members of the Brocton Good Citizens' League were making New Year resolutions at the first January meeting, when David reminded them that Benjamin Franklin's anniversary came on the seventeenth.

"We mustn't get so busy making resolutions that we forget Poor Richard's birthday. It would be a dandy time to have a party."

"Yes, we could have a thrift party," suggested Miss Bradley, the counselor, "and we could make some of our New Year resolutions about thrift."

"But I was thinking of a *Benjamin Franklin* party," David protested courteously, "one with Colonial costumes and old-time games and things like that."

"So was I," said the counselor. "Can anyone give me a Benjamin Franklin maxim?"

"I can," said Miriam. "'He that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing.'"

"'God helps them that help themselves,'" quoted Elizabeth.

"'Industry pays debts, while despair encreaseth them,'" said Russell, hesitating over the unfamiliar word.

"Don't you see now?" said Miss Bradley. "Every maxim has something to do with thrift, and it is the same with many other Benjamin Franklin sayings. That's why I suggested we have a thrift party on his birthday."

And a thrift party it was—not one of the costumes cost more than twenty-five cents. They were very simple costumes, of course, made out of an old dress or suit or out of crepe paper, and a few of the boys had simply powdered their hair in accordance with the old Colonial custom. Each member had learned five maxims and was prepared to tell one reason he was grateful to Poor Richard.

"I am grateful to him," said Miriam, smoothing the blue crepe paper panniers of her skirts, "because he signed the Declaration of Independence and helped to draft it."

"I am grateful to him for inventing spectacles," said Helen who was the only one of the group to wear glasses.

"He started the first free school outside of New England," said Bill. "Who knows— if it hadn't been for him we might not have such good public schools to-day. Anyway, what he did helped."

As the talk went on, the Brocton Good Citizens' League understood what Miss Bradley had meant when she called Benjamin Franklin the most versatile American. He had begun the first circulating library, had founded the first periodical magazine—for many years called "Poor Richard's Almanac"—and had helped form the first organized police force and fire company. He improved the printing press, windmills, water wheels, and he invented the stove and the lightning rod. He discovered that lightning and electricity were the same. He served his state as governor and his country as Congressman; and during the Revolution he was minister to France.

[*Continued from page 42*]

POOR RICHARD'S MAXIMS

God helps them that help themselves.

But dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that's the stuff life is made of.

The sleeping fox catches no poultry.

Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy.

Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.

Industry need not wish, and he that lives upon hope will die fasting.

Diligence is the mother of good luck.

Be ashamed to catch yourself idle.

One to-day is worth two to-morrows.

Constant dropping wears away stones.

Little strokes fell great oaks.

'Tis hard for an empty bag to stand upright.

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other and scarce in that.

ALPHABET PARK

[Continued from page 11]

he had spent his penny, so he decided to just *stay* till midnight and hear Yellow Belly sing! So he bought a few more peanuts and a little more candy and fed them around and then picked himself out a bench and sat down to wait for midnight. At eleven he saw the fireworks stop. At eleven-thirty he saw the balloon man go home, at eleven forty-five he saw the people packing up their picnics, and then at *twelve*—my goodness gracious—came the most terrible sound Mr. Jenks had ever heard! There was a wailing and wowling and groaning and greening up and down the scale till it was enough to make your hair stand on end!

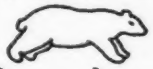
"Oh *my!*" Mr. Jenks cried. "That's *awful!* I never heard such a sound in my *life!* I'll give him *ten* cents to *stop!*"

So with great long strides he hurried to Yellow Belly's cage with ten cents—but did he find Yellow Belly singing? He did not! What he found was Mr. Zim Zammie running wildly from one cage to another with hot water and peppermint tea, and every animal in every cage rolling and groaning because they had eaten seven dollars worth of peanuts!

"Oh, that Mr. Jenks!" Mr. Zim Zammie was saying as he rushed out of one cage into another. "If I ever catch him I'll make him eat every peanut in the world. I'll build a cage and keep him in it and mark it capital I for Idiot! Just wait till I catch him!"

Well, did Mr. Jenks wait around *there* very long? He *did* not! He got across the park and out of the gate and onto a red street car about as fast as anybody *ever* did! And he very promptly decided that instead of staying all summer, he'd stay just about long enough to get to the railroad station and buy a ticket west! And if you ever meet a very nervous man in a checkered suit going west in a great hurry and looking back over his shoulder anxiously, you may be pretty sure it's Mr. Jenks!

As to peanuts, if I were *you* I should never feed more than three or four to *anyone!*

My stands out in the cold, his -stick cane is lost,
No  could be more cross than he, my says he's most
As cross as I was once myself but that was long ago
Before I learned what and should eat if they would grow
And have strong and hard white and both strong and fleet,--
This great food's called Wheatena
and it's made from -browned wheat
My teacher says she only wishes she might make a rule,
That every child eat Wheatena each morning before
For then her all would be so sturdy and so well
Their lessons would be easy, and they'd love to read and spell

Wheatena tastes like toasted you'll pass your for more,
Why don't you run, right now and buy some at the nearest

Free *Sample*

If you wish a trial package of this delicious sun-browned wheat cereal—Wheatena—we'll gladly send you one FREE. Just check here ☐ and mail this coupon.

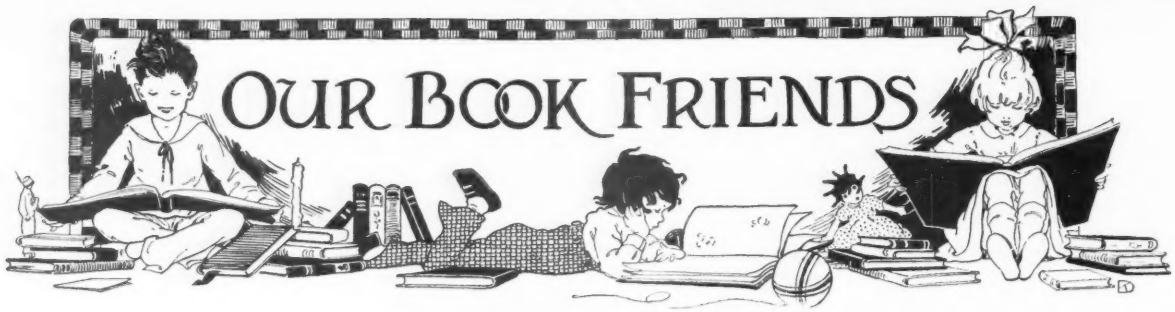
Send for this book today

"Feeding the Child from Crib to College" is an entirely new kind of book for mothers,—written by one of the most eminent child specialists in America. Only 15c brings you a copy. ☐ Check here—enclose 15c—if you wish a copy of the book.

Name .....

Address ..... CL 1-30

The Wheatena Corporation, Wheatenaville, Rahway, N. J.



Conducted by SUSAN WILBUR
Associate Literary Editor, the Chicago Evening Post

JANUARY is the month when all of us begin keeping diaries. Of course, not all of us go on keeping them every day until the next January comes round. But that is another story. This year, it seems, even the sun has decided to keep one, though *The Sun's Diary*, (The Macmillan Company, New York), as given to us by Elizabeth Coatsworth, is not in the least like your diary or mine. It is more like Poor Richard's Almanac. One day will have a proverb, another a rhyme. One will be somebody's birthday—Benjamin Franklin's is there for January 17, 1706—another some such thing as Paul Revere's ride or Lindbergh's landing in Paris. Then, of course, some days are just left blank for you to fill in yourself, and there's always a space at the bottom of the page marked "red letter day," meaning, of course, your red letter day.

Another of the new books that will go all round the year with you is *The All-Holidays Book of Jane and John* by Clara G. Dennis (Marshall Jones Company, Boston). This is one of those books where quite a lot of the words are pictures. Fortunately, there are rhyme and the rhythm to keep you from guessing them wrong. In all, it has poems about sixteen holidays, beginning with New Year's Day and following the calendar around to Christmas.

January is also the month for good resolutions. And as most of your good resolutions will probably have to do with schools, you will be interested right now in two books by schoolmasters, telling about things that the children in their schools have worked hard at and have liked. One of these is called *Building a Model Railroad* (The Macmillan Company, New York), and it is by Albert Sprague Coolidge, head of the Mechanics Club of the Shady Hill School in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Most of the children in the Mechanics Club are from the fifth to the eighth grades, though occasionally a fourth grader is admitted to membership. Their business is to lay tracks and to run trains along them, and they make everything themselves, engines, cars, switches, signals, and coal elevators. They also attend to the electric power supply and its distribution. Mr. Coolidge explains to the children in his club that everything they do must be exactly right. A mistake of a thirtieth of an inch on a model railway would make as much trouble as a mistake of a foot on a real railway. This book tells just what tools to get and just how to use them. All you will need in order to start a Mechanics Club of your own after reading it will be the empty room, the materials, and some grown person like Mr. Coolidge to supervise operations.

Another interesting new book by a schoolmaster is *A Child's Geography of the World* by V. M. Hillyer of the Calvert School of Baltimore (The Century Company, New York). This is a book that starts in the very first chapter to make you think and wonder about things that you may never have thought or wondered about before. Had you ever thought, for instance, that nobody has ever got a really good look at the world? And that probably nobody ever will get the sort of look that anybody can get at the moon? Even an airship wouldn't take you high enough. You would need a box-seat somewhere up in space. Then after telling you how the world would probably look from outside, if you could see it, Mr. Hillyer stops for a moment to explain what the inside is probably like. And then he takes you for a trip around it, visiting first America, then Europe, then Asia, and so home by way of the Cannibal Islands and Hawaii. In each country he is particularly careful to point out the things that are different, how in England they have hedges where we would be more likely to have fences, how in China they begin a letter at the upper right-hand corner and write down instead of at the upper left-hand corner and writing across, how in Norway almost every family has a boat just as in America most families have an automobile. And where these differences are of a sort to have a why he tells you the why. Of course you can never really visit a country if you visit only its present, and so almost always Mr. Hillyer helps you to visit its past at the same time.

One effect of a book like this is, of course, to make you want to travel. Another is that it makes you want to read more about the fascinating places and people that you have heard just a little about. And again among the newest books you will find quite a number to go on with. One of these books isn't exactly a book either, but a map that you might like to have hanging in your bedroom or

[*Continued on page 36*]

THE PLAYHOUSE

by Nancy Clinton

My brother climbed up in a and built a little for me. It has a and a and a upon the with a and a and I play here after with my. I pour them and the all sing for me—till my comes to stay—then the concert flies away.

There is only one

Chief

-only one fastest, finest, extra fare train to Southern California.

No wonder Hollywood "Stars" and the "Stars" in every profession and business go Santa Fe and ride the Chief.

New equipment this season.

There is no extra fare on the fast California Limited nor Grand Canyon Limited, or on the Navajo, Scout and Missionary.

The famous Fred Harvey dining service is another distinctive feature. Automatic block signal safeguards, too.

The Indian-detour Grand Canyon Line

mail coupon

Santa Fe

W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr., Santa Fe Sys. Lines
1207 Railway Exchange, Chicago

Am interested in winter trip to_____

Please send me detailed information and descriptive folders.

Name_____

Address_____

How *happiness* CAME TO TOYLAND

IT WAS dark in the nursery but the toys instead of sleeping were crying their little hearts out.

"Boo-hoo," cried the woolly elephant with the big, floppy ears, "Our Tommy won't grow up to be a big, strong man."

"Why not?" asked Leopold, the wooden lion who had been in the nursery only one day.

"Don't you know," said the little Dutch doll through tear-wet curls, "that Tommy has stopped drinking milk?"

"What has that to do with his growing up?" persisted Leopold.

Then Bobby, the furry white dog, almost stopped crying. "Only a wooden lion," he barked scornfully, "would have to be told that little boys don't grow up into big, strong men unless they drink milk."

Finally a wise old calico owl opened its big eyes and said, "Whooo will fly to the Princess of Toyland for help?"

"Let's all go!" cried the little Dutch doll.

And away they flew to the little glass palace of the Princess and told her their trouble.

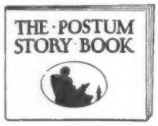
Then the Princess beckoned to a dignified old frog.

"Ride as hard as you can," ordered the beautiful Princess, "to Tommy's mother and whisper to her the secret of magic milk that all children love."

Surely enough, next morning Tommy was drinking a new kind of milk in his big silver mug. It smelled so good and it was a rich brown color.

Now the toys are always happy, because Tommy drinks his magic milk every day, and grows stronger and more like his Daddy.

MOTHERS: *Send for "The Postum Story Book" for children*



It's FREE . . . Full of fascinating stories and delightful illustrations. With it comes a week's supply of Instant Postum, so that you can try Postum's magic in converting "plain milk" into a delicious new beverage for the children.

Postum, made of whole wheat and bran, adds to the well-rounded nourishment in milk its own quota of wholesomeness. It's a real health drink. Send TODAY for the story book and the Instant Postum sample. Both are FREE. © 1930 G. F. Corp.

FREE!
New Story Book!

Postum is one of the Post Food products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

POSTUM COMPANY, INCORPORATED, P.-C. L. 1-30
Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send us, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of Instant Postum and the new Postum Story Book.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Fill in completely—Print name and address

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CO., Ltd.
The Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario.

OUR BOOK FRIENDS

[*Continued from page 34*]

over your desk. It is called *A Map of Children Everywhere*, and was drawn by Ruth Hambidge (The John Day and Company, Inc., New York). It is simply a map of the world, only with the oceans taking up less space than usual, and the continents marked not with countries and cities and rivers but with children tapping rubber trees, or shaking down cocoa pods, or riding camels, whatever children in that part of the world might be doing.

Another is the story of an American boy whose father's business took them to China. It is called *Marco Polo Junior* (The Century Company, New York), after the Venetian merchant who went to China seven hundred years ago and told such tall stories when he got home that nobody really believed him—that is until within the past few years, when some of us began seeing China for ourselves and found that Marco Polo had really been surprisingly near the truth most of the time. *Marco Polo, Junior* is written by Harry A. Franck, the man who has written so many best selling travel books for grown people. The story part is just story, but the travel part has been kept as accurate as Mr. Franck could keep it. Look at the map of Bob Haworth's trip, at the front of the book, and you will see that he went just about everywhere in China. He met the president. He fell in with some bandits. He even went to Chinese school for a little, and can tell us that the Chinese word for elastic means "in and out ribbon" and the word for asparagus "dragon's whiskers."

Bob, though, wouldn't have had to have lived so very long ago in order to have adventures right here in America. *Klondike Pardners* (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia), by Edwin L. Sabin, tells about two boys who joined the Klondike Rush in 1897 and 1898. One of these boys was a bootblack from Seattle, the other a high-school boy from San Francisco. The bootblack was a stowaway and the high-school boy had plenty of bags and trunks all nicely marked and money besides, but they made a good team all the same. They went three thousand miles by boat to Alaska, then nearly six hundred more by pack trail to Dawson City. And every one of those miles that the boys went the food for the people already there had to go. Alaska itself did not produce enough for all these extra mouths. Once when Micky and Hank wanted to celebrate they bought a can of oysters. It cost them twenty-five dollars. And Mr. Sabin doesn't say how much the can of condensed milk cost that they put with it to make a stew.

To get adventure in New Hampshire you have to go back about two hundred and fifty years farther. But you get it all right in *Children of the Border* (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia), by Ella Shannon Bowles, together with a good deal of Indian and animal and scout lore. This is a story of the first settlers who came to the intervale.

THE WILLOW WHISTLE

[Continued from page 28]

secure, when perhaps he had even dozed a little with the drowsy, jogging motion—then was the little horse's moment. The Arikaree's hand was for an instant unsteady on the bridle; the dun pony's heels were up like a flash and his head dropped between his knees. Over and over went the Indian rider, tumbling upon the grass. While the two horses galloped away into the dark, he was left to reflect upon the pleasure of walking fifty—sixty—a hundred miles home.

John Seabold and his companions had circled far over the prairie and had found no trace of Mary Anne. They passed a few scattered groups of Arikaree Indians driving horses southward, but these carried no captives, certainly no little girl. In the faint hope that Gray Eagle might have found his way to the cabin, the white men had ridden homeward. There they must get fresh horses if the hunt was still to go on.

They met Gray Eagle on the way, a haggard and desperate Gray Eagle who had searched, as they had, for Mary Anne without success. The chief had thought, also, that some of his braves might have caught up the little girl in the confusion and had carried her home. John Seabold gave one glance to the Indian party and saw that Mary Anne was not with them. Thereafter he rode ahead with a stony face and said no word to the red men clattering behind him, not even when they all drew up together at the house beyond the creek.

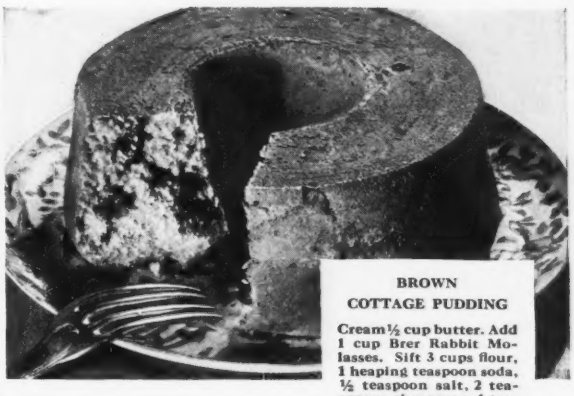
Thus it came about that there was a knot of men, white and red, and a group of weary horses and Indian ponies clustered before the door of the cabin just as the sun came up. It was exactly when the first rays touched the willows that a little cavalcade came toiling across the green plain, a yellow-maned pony ridden by a boy, and a long lean nag behind who carried a girl, a baby and a bent squaw. When the sun rose higher it was to show also, a tiny distant dot which was Sancho, limping homeward far in the rear.

The dun pony came splashing through the ford with the taller mount following him. The Arikaree horse had never seen white men; it hesitated, faltered and shied as Swift Pigeon urged it up the bank. Mary Anne could wait for no delay; she slipped to the ground and went running up the path calling aloud, "Mother! Mother!"

Gray Eagle and John Seabold looked at each other steadily.

"How!" said Gray Eagle. It is so that an Indian greets a friend.

"How!" returned Mary Anne's father. It is so that a white man returns the greeting of an Indian whom he trusts. The light in his eyes showed how he was thanking God in his heart. They both stood aside as Jane Seabold ran out of the cabin door to snatch her little daughter into hungrily welcoming arms.



BROWN COTTAGE PUDDING

Cream ½ cup butter. Add 1 cup Brer Rabbit Molasses. Sift 3 cups flour, 1 heaping teaspoon soda, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 1 teaspoon each ginger and cloves. Add to first mixture alternately with 1 cup sour milk. Last stir in 1 cup raisins, slightly floured. Pour into buttered tube pan and bake in moderate oven 300° F. from 45 to 60 minutes. Serve hot with light pudding sauce. Grandmother Jordan's Pudding Sauce, lemon flavored, (p. 36, "94 Brer Rabbit Goodies") is especially good!

Here's a Pudding Children love

THE kind of dessert children like best of all . . . this delicious spicy pudding . . . so "extra good" they'll ask you to make it again and again.

It's the melting sweetness of Brer Rabbit Molasses that gives its perfect flavor . . . that luscious molasses goodness children just naturally love. And you can encourage second helpings—Brer Rabbit desserts are good for your youngsters! For Brer Rabbit Molasses is rich in both the iron and lime of the sugar cane.

Pure New Orleans Molasses—that's Brer Rabbit . . . with that tantalizing old-plantation flavor that makes everyone want *more*. Gold Label is the finest quality light molasses . . . Green Label a rich, full-flavored, dark molasses.

Keep your Brer Rabbit Labels! Get the miniature Cooky Set Brer Rabbit has for your youngsters. Just send in 3 labels from 3 cans of Brer Rabbit Molasses! Begin to save Brer Rabbit Labels *now*. Send them in with or without the coupon!

PENICK & FORD, Ltd., Inc.
Dept. C-7, New Orleans, La.

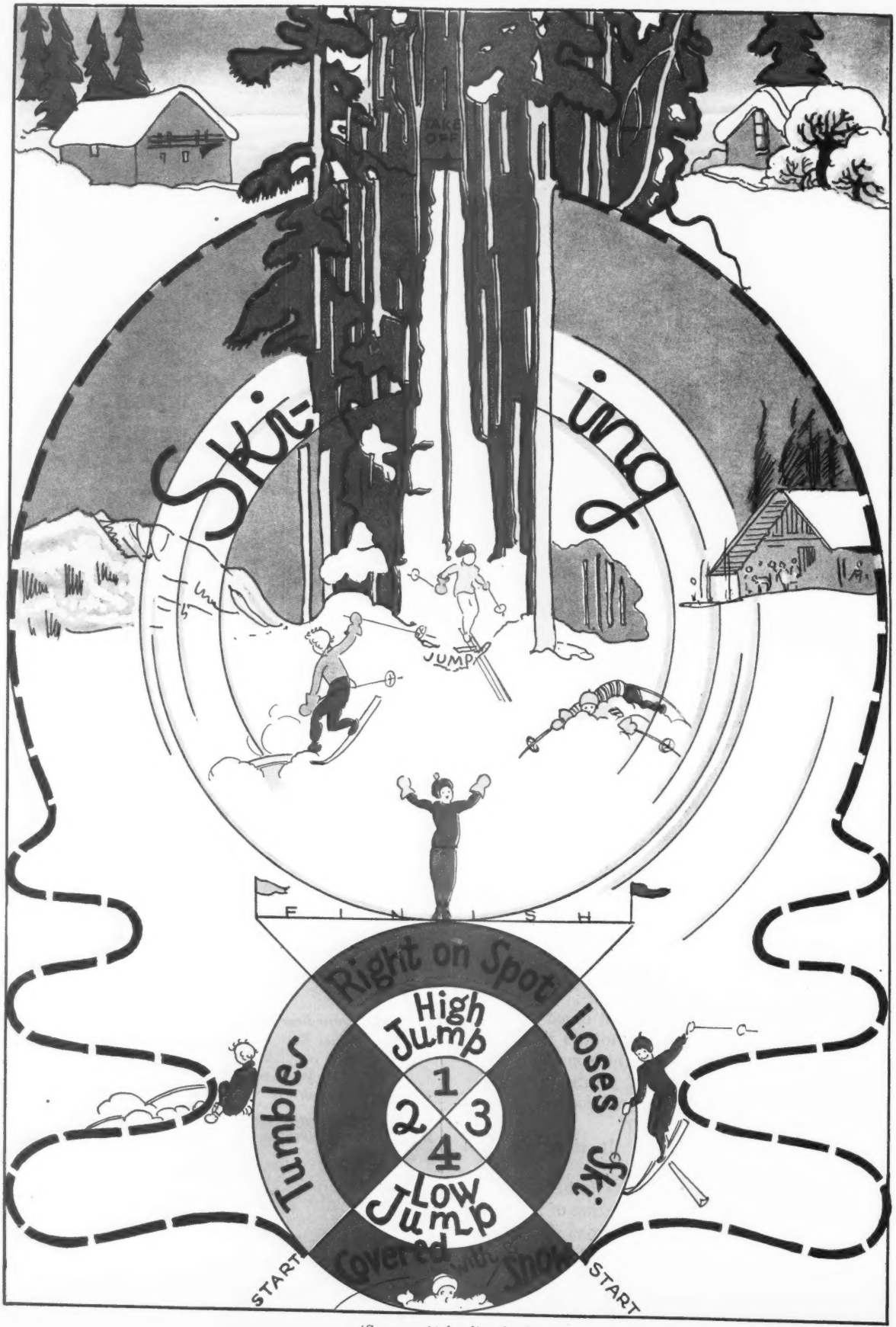
(Check what you want—either or both)

☐ Brer Rabbit's Cooky Set
I enclose 3 Brer Rabbit Molasses Labels.

☐ Free copy of recipe book "94 Brer Rabbit Goodies."

Name _____

Address _____



(See page 41 for directions)

YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S

Designed by CHIQUÉT. With patterns.

HAPPY New Year, everyone Marion wants you to see her New Year dresses and also Dolly's—a georgette crepe party frock with touches of wool embroidery, a gay silk frock with bolero jacket, and a velvet coat with graceful circular cape.

Dolly is very smart, too, with a silk dress and a tailored coat with matching beret.

Pattern No: 6352—5 sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years.
Pattern No: 6095—4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years.
Pattern No: 6586—4 sizes: 6, 8 and 10 years.
Doll Pattern No: 6597—Dress, five sizes: 16, 18, 20, 22 and 24 inches.
Doll Pattern No: 6596—Coat and beret, five sizes: 16, 18, 20, 22 and 24 inches.

All patterns are 20 cents each from CHILD LIFE, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago.

CHILD LIFE KITCHEN

[*Continued from page 30*]

Cover with ⅓ the celery and then with ⅓ the crackermeal, salt and butter.

Make a second layer, using ⅓ of each kind of material; then make the last layer, using all the remaining tomato, celery, meal, butter and salt. Over the top shake about ¼ teaspoonful pepper.

Bake in a hot oven (400) till well browned, which will take about 25 minutes.

If your family like cheese, 2 tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, shaken over the top of the dish just before it is put in to bake, are very delicious and make variety.

Serve piping hot from the dish in which it was baked.

Our second new dish is a soup and so far as we have been able to discover, it is a real novelty and we think it delicious. So prepare to be pleased!

CARROT SOUP

Wash and scrape a half dozen good-sized carrots.

Cut each carrot into several small pieces and cover all with boiling water.

Simmer until very tender. The length of time needed for cooking will vary, according to the size of the pieces. **Allow at least 30 minutes.**

Put the cooked carrots through a fine sieve or a potato ricer, saving the water in which they were cooked as well as the pulp.

Into a saucepan put 3 tablespoonfuls butter, 1 tablespoonful flour and 1 teaspoonful onion chopped fine. (The onion should be omitted if the flavor is not enjoyed.)

Cook till blended, then stir in, very gradually, 1 cupful milk.

Cook till smooth, then stir in 1 cupful soup stock and the carrot pulp and juice.

Cook gently for two minutes after the boiling point is reached.

Serve with a garnish of whipped cream, (1 teaspoonful per person) or chopped parsley.

If you do not happen to have soup stock in the house, a cupful of clear, canned soup may be used instead. If you wish to use two cupfuls of milk, instead of one each of milk and stock, you will make an excellent soup, but we recommend the other rule as being rather better and richer tasting.

If you want to carry out the orange color, so unusual for a cream soup, serve toasted cheese sticks with carrot soup.

The last dish in our lesson (and aren't we having a lot to learn this month?) is another baked vegetable dish.

SCALLOPED CORN AND TOMATOES

Open a can of corn and a can of tomatoes; pour the contents of each into separate dishes.

Measure ¼ cupful of butter and cut into small bits.

Measure ½ cupful cracker meal or very finely rolled cracker crumbs.

Butter a baking dish and shake over the bottom 1 teaspoonful cracker meal.

Put a layer of corn in the bottom of the dish, using ⅓ the corn from the can.

Cover this with a layer of ⅓ the tomato.

Sprinkle with ½ teaspoonful salt and nearly ⅓ the cracker meal. Dot butter over the meal, using ⅓ of the amount.

Make a second layer, using first corn, then tomato, then salt, meal and butter.

Make a third and final layer, using the last of all the ingredients. This top layer may have a little more of butter and meal than the bottom layers so as to make a nice crust.

Be sure to use all the juice from the can of tomato. If you didn't use all in making the layers, pour the last bit over the top.

Bake till well browned, which will take about 45 minutes in a moderately hot oven (375 degrees). While baking this dish, put some potatoes in to bake with the same gas, as they go deliciously with this dish.

JANUARY DINNER

Carrot Soup with Toasted Cheese Wafers
Baked Pork Chops with Apple Sauce
Scalloped Corn and Tomatoes
Baked Potatoes
Fruit Gelatine

MISS COLUMBIA

[*Continued from page 20*]

"How did you know my name?" asked the man.

Sarah glanced at his gray uniform. "You're a Johnny Reb, aren't you?"

The soldier squared his shoulders indignantly, and Sarah realized she had offended him. "Well, then, a Johnny Confederate."

"That's quite another pair of sleeves." His face relaxed into a grin. "I vow, though, my real name's Johnny, too—Johnny Mercer."

"Anyway, we're agreed on the Johnny part of it. Did you want something?"

"My stars, she asks me if I want something! Say, did you ever hear of the buttermilk rangers?"

Sarah shook her head.

"That's what the Infantry calls us boys in the Cavalry. We're always ranging for decent things to eat—specially buttermilk."

"I'll get you a glass," Sarah offered, and hurried out to the spring house.

The boy soldier did more than "wait a minute." He stepped inside the parlor and made himself comfortable in Father's big armchair. Teaser regarded him suspiciously and sat down before the bedroom door, as though on guard.

"Your pup doesn't like me," said the Confederate, when Sarah returned with a tall glass of cold buttermilk and a plate of doughnuts. "First time I ever met a dog who w[illegible]ldn't make friends."

"I reckon blue's his favorite color," said Sarah.

Johnny Mercer smiled good-humoredly. "He's Yankee, like the rest of you, is he?"

"Even the ducks on this farm are Yankee."

"I reckon your cows ain't." Johnny Reb sipped his buttermilk gratefully. "Say, sister, do you think I might have another glass?"

Sarah had to make another trip to the spring to get it, and when she returned she found her self-invited guest trying to coax Teaser to him. The dog would take a cautious step forward and then retreat, before he could find the courage to advance again. "I've decided to take your pup along with me, sister. Our regiment needs a mascot."

"You can't take Teaser," said Sarah determinedly.

"I'm blamed if I can't." He laughed and reached out a long arm to grasp the collar of the dog. Teaser, as though realizing himself in danger of capture, let out a piercing howl and found a temporary refuge under the table. Johnny Mercer, with another laugh, jumped to his feet, and crossed the room with a single stride.

"You let my dog alone," stormed Sarah.

Teaser had something to say about it, too, and when the long arm reached for him a second time, he made a brown and white streak across the parlor and disappeared inside the bedroom door. Johnny turned and followed.

For a moment, Sarah stood watching him, too startled to move; then she remembered Miss Columbia and the trust Father had imposed in her.

There was another streak across the room, and she found herself standing in the doorway, a hand on either side the door frame, blocking the soldier's entrance. Her dark eyes, looking up into his, were bright with anger.

"Don't you dare go into that room."

"Why not?" The soldier was still laughing.

"Don't—you—dare—go—into—that—room!" Sarah's voice was trembling now, and the brown eyes overflowed with tears.

(To be continued)

SKIING GAME

(See page 38)

THIS game is played with pins and a pencil on the open page of the magazine. Two, four or six may play. They play in teams or sides, one, two or three on a side. Each player has one pin, which he calls a man. Colored thread is tied on the end to tell one man from another. At the bottom of the page is a wheel divided into four sections and each section is divided into three sections, thus making three circles, one within the other. In the center of the small circle are the numbers 1, 2, 3, and 4. These figures show the number of moves to be made.

The two teams arrange themselves on different sides of the page and climb from the bottom.

The players play in order. Each player holds a pencil about 12 inches above the wheel at the bottom of the page. He closes his eyes and says tick-tack-toe, touching the wheel each time. He then opens his eyes and takes as many moves upward, as the number on the section of the wheel.

If a player finishes the climb uphill with an exact number of counts, he goes directly to the *take off*. If he finishes the climb with more counts than he needs, for instance four when he needs only two, he goes to the warming house, one of the little houses at the top of the hill, and waits for the next one of his team to catch up. He then must spin four to get to the *take off*. If he spins *one* then he takes off.

He will take the slide, the distance from *take off* to *jump* with a high jump; if four, he will take it with a *low jump;* two he *stumbles;* three he *loses* his ski. Two and three are then, of course, out of the race and the men are taken off.

Those remaining spin again. If they spin *one* they finish *right on the spot*, two *tumbles*, three *loses ski* and four is *covered with snow*.

The side or team that has the greatest number of players *land right on the spot* wins the game. If no one lands *right on the spot*, the next best is the team that has the most, *covered with snow*, because of course they have finished and being covered with snow is lots of fun. The next best is the team that has the most *tumbles* and the next the most to *lose skis*.

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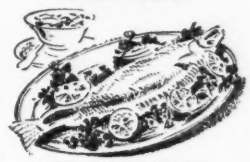

"Lemco" Fish Dressing

SINCE 1865 this pure, concentrated essence of prime beef has added wholesome sustenance and appetizing flavor to soups, stews, sauces, gravies, fish, meats, vegetables and salads.

For the most delicious beef-bouillon stir a ¼ teaspoon of "Lemco" into a teacup of hot water and season to taste.

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Order "Lemco" from your druggist or grocer. If he does not have it please send us his name and we will see that you are supplied.

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FOR YOUR PROTECTION

CHILD LIFE *Seal of* APPROVAL SAMPLE TESTED *and* PROVEN

This the CHILD LIFE Approval Seal. Watch for it in 1930 on products which you purchase especially for the *Education, Health, Well-being and Entertainment of your children.*

Every product advertised in this issue has the approval of CHILD LIFE and the endorsement of the publishers, Rand McNally & Company.

JOURNEYS TO ADVERTISING LAND

(Continued from page 2)

the delicious Mexican hot chocolate, but I want to be sure to mention the quaint *old* section, with the winding narrow lanes, the low adobe huts, the ancient churches, the Mexicans and their burros. Of course, the modern part of the city has big fine buildings. We stayed at a big hotel, La Fonda, done in Spanish pueblo style and run by Fred Harvey. Wonderful mountain drives, a fine climate, and Indian villages nearby help to make visitors love the old city.

It only took us a few hours to reach the old, old Pueblo Indian villages. Such cute Indian babies and dogs—and such queer old ruins we saw there! Just think, people lived in these ruins thousands of years ago. Away to the north, far up the Rio Grande, we came to the cliff-dwelling ruins of Puyé. Some of the largest cave-dwellings—houses carved out of the cliffs themselves—had 1600 rooms. Here people lived and with stone hatchets carved feathered serpents and queer beasts and people on their walls ages before America was discovered. Beautiful red pottery and utensils carved out of bones, used by these people, have been found here. We had a basket lunch in an Indian house of the Santa Clara pueblo, where we saw more interesting Indians, and bought some black pottery. That, and our trip to lovely Taos, where we found Indians living in what looked like two great apartment houses, and a wonderful old mission church, were awfully interesting. Ruth fell in love with our Indian-detour courier—she was so nice and told us so many strange stories about the country.

"Where do we go from here?" asked Ruth, packing all her new treasures in her bag.

Daddy laughed. "We take the train to Albuquerque, New Mexico, to-night, and get off at Williams, Arizona, to-morrow morning," he told her.

"I know what comes next," I said. "A two-hour ride on a branch line to the Grand Canyon! I heard you and mother talking."

Well, *that's* what we did next. We stayed at another Fred Harvey hotel there. It's a big fine one—El Tovar— made of boulders and pine logs, and is open all year. At the canyon was a large stone house full of Indians. The babies were just too cute, and the mothers wore such pretty blankets and things, while the daddies made dandy silver bracelets.

We didn't have time to go to the petrified forests and see the big trees that floods thousands of years ago helped turn to stone rainbows. And we didn't come at the right time to see the Hopi Indians north of Winslow do their flute dance or their snake dance, while praying for rain. But the canyon was so fascinating we didn't mind skipping those.

The most fun of the whole trip was there. For Daddy got each of us a mule, and down the steep trail to the river we rode!

"It's a mile deep straight down!" laughed Daddy. "But by trail it's several miles."

"I'm not afraid!" said Ruth, holding tightly on to her mule's reins. "I'd like to live here always!"

I loved it too. "See the fawns!" I cried. And Daddy's guide told us how those fawns had been brought from the north rim of the canyon to the south rim by aeroplane. Think of that!

(Advertisement) (Continued on page 46)

GOOD CITIZEN'S LEAGUE

[Continued from page 32]

Miss Bradley passed out small square boxes, on which she had printed the words of another maxim: *One penny saved is two pence earned.* "We're going to have a thrift contest, and I'm going to give a prize to the one who wins. To compete for it, you must have, by the first of February, at least ten hours' work to your credit—work for which you have been paid. The prize will go not to the boy or girl necessarily who has saved the *most* money, but to the one who has saved the biggest percentage of the money he has received. You're to keep track of the money that is given to you and the money that you earn, and then we'll figure out what per cent of that sum you have saved."

During the days that followed, every member earned money and when February came, they had a hundred per cent record—all of them had saved *every cent* of the money they received.

Miss Bradley laughed. "You'll all have to come over to my house for another party, and that will be a prize for everybody."

Honor Points

An Honor Point is awarded for each day one or more good citizenship deeds are recorded. The monthly Honor Roll lists the names of members who earn twenty-five or more points, and there is a prize for members who earn 200 points during eight consecutive months. At the beginning of the month, write your name and address at the top of a blank sheet of paper; then each day you may record the date and your deed or deeds for that day. If a teacher or other grown-up counselor is in charge of a branch league, these papers are turned in to her and she sends us the list of her members, with the number of points she thinks each one deserves. Send your January list in time to reach our office by February 5th.

Any good deed that you record will count—for instance, anything that you do to help someone else at home, at school, or elsewhere. Following is a list of special good citizenship deeds, which we suggest that you do for January.

1. I read about Benjamin Franklin.
2. I earned some money.
3. I spent my candy money for something that would last (or saved it).
4. I made a budget of how my money should be spent.
5. I kept an account of the money I spent and saved.
6. I added to my savings account (or started one, if I hadn't already done so).
7. I learned a Benjamin Franklin maxim.

Other good citizenship deeds may be substituted for those above, if necessary, and of course you will add others of your own. *Remember, you must record one or more deeds on twenty-five different days during the month, in order to have your name on the honor roll.*

(The October Honor Roll will be published next month)

OUR WORKSHOP

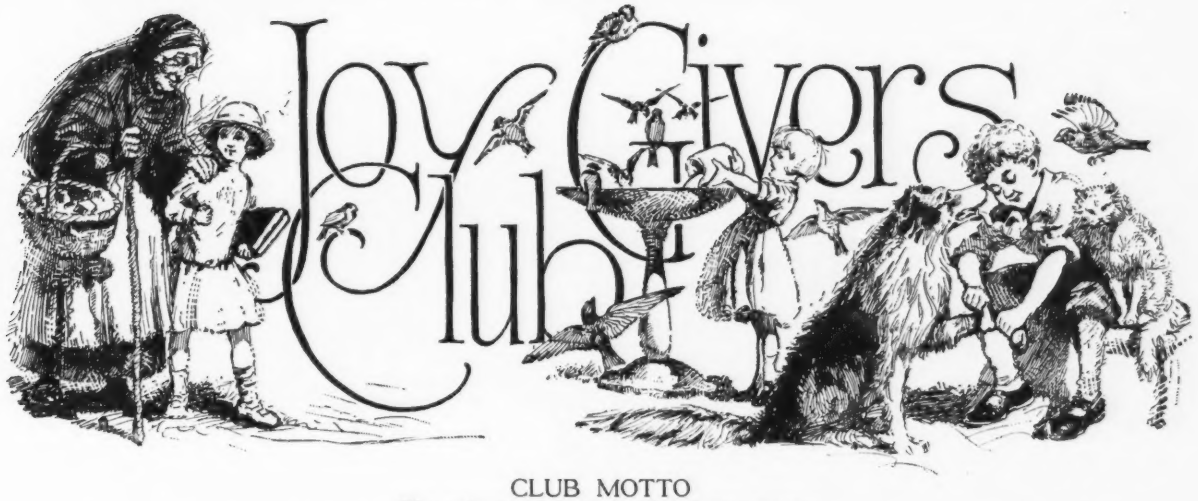
[Continued from page 29]

The suet coil for this feeder can be made easily by winding a piece of wire around a broom-handle, or smaller round stick, as shown in Figure 7. Bend a hook upon each end of the coil, and screw the hooks to the ends of the feeder box.

Hang the feeder upon the south side of a tree, at a height that you can easily reach from the ground, or by standing upon a box or stool.

Figure 8 shows a suet coil. Form the wire coil around a stick, as shown in Figure 7, and leave one end of the wire straight for a distance of 16 inches or so, for hooking around a tree branch.

You will want to paint the winter feeders, to protect them from the weather. I would suggest green or brown for the wooden feeder, and black or aluminum for the wire coils.



CLUB MOTTO

The only joy I keep is what I give away

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers' Club.

The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under may become a member of this club, whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

Short joy-giving contributions in prose, verse, or jingle are welcome. Well illustrated stories are especially desired. All drawings should be done on white unruled paper.

The contributions must be original and be the work of children of twelve and under.

If you know ways to give joy to others, write about them in story form, and send your story to CHILD LIFE. Miss Waldo will give your letters and contributions personal attention. No manuscripts can be returned.

For Joy Givers' Club membership cards write to

CHILD LIFE
CARE OF RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

ROSE WALDO, *Editor*
536 S. CLARK STREET, CHICAGO ILLINOIS

This month the Joy Givers' Club is publishing the work of its honorary members who are between the ages of thirteen and fifteen years.

JANUARY

On the first or New Year's day,
I'm sure all good folks will say,
"Happy New Year and good cheer,
Good luck throughout the coming year."

ELZA MACK,
Chicago, Ill.

My dear Miss Waldo:

I am a girl who lives way out west in New Mexico. We are but a short distance from Mesa Verda National Park, and the ruins are very interesting.

The Navajo Indian reservation is only twelve miles away and there are always a few Indians in Farmington. The women wear skirts down to their ankles. The poorest Indian women only have ten yards in their skirts, but some of the richer ones have twenty-five yards. They never change their dresses but when one wears out they put another one on top of it. They live in houses called "hogans" which are made of logs set on end in a circle with an opening always in the east, because of a superstition, and logs across the top and dirt piled all around and on top. There are many interesting legends connected with the Navajo race and if I had time, I would tell you some of them.

Best wishes to all "Child Life" readers.

SARA JUNE HARKNESS,
Age 13. Farmington, N. M.

ALICE GRUNER
St. Paul, Minn.

A DREAM

When I lie in bed in the evening,
I hear the birdies peep
And the south wind blows so softly
Till it rocks me into sleep.
As I rest in peaceful slumber
I dream a pleasant dream
That I'm a happy birdie
Flying o'er hill and stream.
I chat with all my sparrow friends
And play tag in the trees
Then sit and see the sunbeams dance
Or watch the busy bees—
I fly far in the heavens
Yet never seem to fall
And all is well till they feed me worms.
My! I don't like that at all!

ANGINETTE CRANDELL McCORD,
Written when aged 14. Denver, Colo.

OUR FLAG

You stand for liberty and peace,
O emblem of a nation's pride!
O glorious flag, it was for you
That our great heroes died.

O banner of the U. S. A.,
O flag so good and true,
May all honor, respect and love
The good old red, white and blue!

PATRICIA BOYLE,
Age 14. Superior, Wis.

Dear Miss Waldo:

My first "Child Life" came to me last year and, oh, how glad I was. There are many good stories and I enjoy them immensely. The Joy Givers' Club interested me at once. I would like to receive letters from children in other countries and will gladly answer all letters I receive. I am,

A reader,
ALICE GRUNER,
Age 13. St. Paul, Minn.

FASHIONS

In Grandma's day, all the girls
Wore flowing skirts and golden curls.
They had their hoops around the waist
And great large sleeves all made of lace.
Their bonnets, too, were very queer—
Wouldn't they look funny here?
I guess in a few years from now,
We will tell our children how
Our skirts were short,
Our bonnets smart.
Then they will think it funny too,
That people dressed like me and you.

LOUISE RUSSELL,
Age 13. Springville, Utah.

For the Boys and Girls Who Lead Their Gangs

PUT Junior . . . and Sister . . . on Rollfasts—they'll soon be out-skating the gang! Yes, indeed —Rollfasts *are* faster, because of their extra-big ball bearings and smooth-rolling wheels.

They're also easier to learn on, and the kids can skate longer on them without tiring. They are expressly made for kids who are to have the best of everything.

Besides . . . there's extra safety built into Rollfasts. Low as a fast roadster, staunchly made of the best skate steel, they smile at the banging of active youngsters.

And they have a Patented Flexible Reinforcement (found only on Rollfasts) that lets them "give" without bending. Made for long service; as nearly rust-proof as can be; adjustable from 7½ to 10½ inches—they can't be outgrown.

You'll find Rollfasts at sporting goods, toy, hardware, bicycle and department stores . . . in bright orange boxes.

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"DO RE MI"

Piano lesson day in the Armstrong family meant two things. It meant that Jimmie had a chance to catch up to sister Virginia on his piano lessons; and it meant that Virginia should broaden her lead!

"I suppose you take the first lesson, to-day, James," said their instructor, Miss Annabelle.

"Naw," retorted Jimmie, "ladies first."

"But, Jimmie, I went first last week, so it's your turn to-day," put in Virginia.

"Let me make it fair," stated Miss Annabelle. "Every week you'll alternate at the first lesson, and to-day you'll draw straws for the lessons."

That seemed to satisfy both children, and Jimmie scampered off for two broom straws. Miss Annabelle made one straw shorter than the other, and as Virginia picked that one, she took the first lesson.

One hour later Jimmie sat down to do his lesson. After he had concluded his first piece, Miss Annabelle said, "James, I can tell you haven't practiced this week, and so Virginia has made her lead just that much longer. Do you want Virginia to beat you, with victory so close by and only three more lessons?"

Jimmie faced his teacher, looking very disappointed. "Oh, Miss Annabelle! Please, give me twice as much for next week, and I promise I'll do it, and I'll practice

FREE The Story of the PIED PIPER

A Beautiful Colored Picture Book

TO get this interesting book for the children, fill in and mail the coupon below. It tells also how Pied Piper Juniors, the world's greatest health shoes for little tots of 1 to 4, are made, so that they prevent irritations and allow correct growth of tender little feet.

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These wonderful shoes have nine patented construction features endorsed by Doctors, Health Boards and careful mothers everywhere. Upon receipt of the coupon below we will also send you latest style folder of Pied Piper Juniors and name of nearest dealer.

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Marathon Shoe Co. Wausau, Wisconsin

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Did *You* Ever Shoot A Panther?

Danny did! A real, live panther!

You see, Danny and Fanny were twins. And one day when they were left all alone with Spot, the very important pup, Danny got down the big gun and shot the panther dead. He had to, because the panther scared Spot till his hair stood all pompador.

But that's just one of the adventures of the Laurel Cliff twins to be found in the new book

DANNY AND FANNY

By Strickland Gillilan, with many pictures by Ruth Eger.

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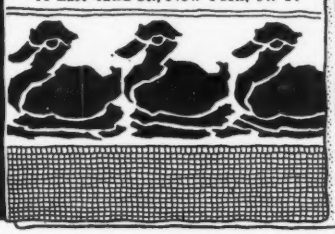

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CRAYOLA

two hours a day instead of one. Please, Miss Annabelle?"

The teacher, touched by Jimmie's pleading promise turned her head and shook it affirmatively. Jimmie's face looked much more cheerful and the world seemed bright again. The next lesson came and Jimmie played through twice as much as any lesson before! Miss Annabelle only said, "All right, now you're one lesson behind; take two lessons for the next time and you'll be up with Virginia!"

All this while Jimmie's sister had not been idle, and she practiced conscientiously every day for one hour, mastering her assignments, until she knew them by heart. When the second lesson after that memorable afternoon loomed two days distant, Jimmie practiced and practiced until his fingers ached and his head swirled. Yet, he knew he'd make it! Miss Annabelle came ten minutes late, and instead of a sixty-minute lesson, Jimmie and Virginia had fifty-five minutes of instruction.

It was Virginia's turn to be first, and so, seating herself at the piano Virginia played through two pieces before Miss Annabelle stopped her and asked, "Why, Virgy, you have done beautifully for one-hour's practice! What lesson is James up to?"

"'Flying Over Valleys,'" replied Virginia, eyeing her book.

"Why," said her teacher, "that is the same one you're up to!"

"Yeah," smiled Jimmie, entering the room, "and sister Virginia helped me!"

ABNER A. SCHWARTZ,
Age 14. New York City.

Notice to Joy Givers

CONTRIBUTIONS intended for the Joy Givers' department of the April issue of "Child Life" will be received in this office up to and not later than January 30. Stories from 250 to 400 words in length and poems suitable for this issue are desired, as well as letters about interesting places you have visited, unusual things that you have done, interesting pets, etc.—these to be accompanied, if you wish, by your photograph. The best of these contributions will be selected and published; but even in cases where we cannot print your stories and poems and letters because of lack of space, we are always glad to hear from you.

FAIRY FOOTSTEPS

At night I love to listen
To the fairy footsteps light;
They dance where moonbeams glisten,
On a silver path of light.

And when the raindrops glitter
Upon my windowpane,
Light fairy footsteps dance across
And make it clear again.

They skip across the yellow fields,
All gold with waving corn,
And flit above the rippling waves
That dance to greet the dawn.

So when the fairy footsteps light
Come dancing through the air,
Although I cannot see them now,
I know that they are there.

VIRGINIA CRAIGIE,
Age 13. Chatham, N. J.

Better Marks in school with Compton's

—better success in later life

CHILDREN get better marks in school when they have Compton's in their homes, they assume greater leadership amongst their playmates, and they prepare for greater success later on in life.

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Teachers will tell you that they can pick a Compton-trained child out of any classroom. And they ought to know, because there are already over 50,000 sets of Compton's in the schools and 400,000 sets in the homes. *When Compton's is doing so much for other children, you certainly ought to look into it for yours.*

FREE!

Here is a coupon which will bring you, absolutely free, a big complete sample pictured section of Compton's Encyclopedia for Children. Send for it, and judge for yourself, so that your children can never blame you for not offering them every advantage that other children have in preparing for life.

You can have Compton's in your home for a first payment of as little as $3.50 down.

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Here's the kind of Valentine Party that boys and girls will love! Something doing every minute all afternoon. Gay decorations to transform the house, costumes to wear, exciting games to play, stunts to do, prizes to give, and favors to take home as souvenirs of a joyously happy day.

Send Coupon for FREE Plans

It's easy, too, to get the supplies you need. At your local department, stationery or drug store where Dennison goods are sold you will find crepe paper, streamers, place cards, cut outs, favors, novelties—everything you could want to make your party a huge success.

So send along this coupon right away—and why not let us include the Spring issue of The Party Magazine—packed with ideas for parties for months to come. It's only 25 cents.

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CHILDREN WHO WANT LETTERS

Elizabeth R. Smith, 286 Chestnut Hill Ave., Brighton, Mass.

Faith Carrol Harter, Calvary Rectory, 111 E. Broadway, Sedalia, Mo.

Bertha M. Bennett, R. F. D. No. 2, Brattle St., So. Berwick, Me., Age 14.

Charlene Shafer, 37 N. Austin Blvd., Chicago, Ill., Age 11.

Margaret Hannah Critcher, Box 355, Roxboro. N. C.

Mary Halpin, 190 Kent Street, Albany, N. Y., age 11.

Mary A. Parker, 64 East St., Whitinsville, Mass.

Dear Miss Waldo:

For several years I have been reading my magazine. I use the book very much, as I read some of the stories over the radio. I broadcast a Twilight Story Period and receive letters from children as well as grown-ups.

Summer before last Mother and I had an interesting trip to St. Louis, Chicago, Detroit, Niagara Falls and Winona, Ontario. While in Chicago I visited the Rand McNally & Company offices. I spent the afternoon looking at the book and the covers—not the ones we see on the magazines but the original hand-painted ones.

An old reader,

MARCELLA ROTH,
New Orleans, La.

MARCELLA ROTH
New Orleans, La.

THE LIVE SNOWMAN

Out in the snowy country the boys and girls of two schools, near each other but in different counties, were having a contest to see which "gang" could make the largest and best snowman. The two leaders were Bob and Dan. It was right after Christmas, and each side wanted very much to win, for the school that lost was to give a New Year's party for the school that won.

Near the dividing line between the counties was a hollow tree stump. The following Saturday Bob and his gang made their snowman against this hollow stump, and "Tricky Dan" and his gang made theirs on their side of the dividing line. They were both good, but the snowman at the tree stump was the best looking one, and Dan knew this. He tried in every way to spoil Mr. Snowman's looks.

Saturday night Tricky Dan and his chums carried pails of hot water to melt Bob's snowman. They stopped to chase a poor little rabbit, and their water got cold. It turned to ice where they poured it over the snowman, and all day Sunday Mr. Snowman shone finer than ever, in a wonderful new coat of sparkling diamonds.

The contest was to be decided Monday. Tricky slipped out with his chums, Sunday night, and set fire to the stump.

Next morning the boys and girls all went out to see their snowman. They stood very still and stared with big eyes at what they saw. The snowman was moving!

First he sank down a bit, as if tired. Then he rubbed slowly against the tree.

"Tricky," cried Bob, "what have you done—to our snowman?"

"N-n-nothin'." Dan's teeth chattered. He could scarcely reply. Then everybody gasped. The snowman's eyes dropped out.

"O-oo-ooh!" Where his coal eyes had been, two bright eyes were blinking at them! Two ears and a little nose came out, too, and they saw a funny little face.

Dan's fire had smoldered all night—and the hollow stump was the home of Mr. Raccoon! He was quite alarmed when he discovered how warm his house had become. He thought he had better go out and look around. He began crawling through the pile of soft snow, clinging to the ice on the outside with his claws. He could not understand it at all! He slipped and slid, digging his claws into the ice, until he came to the snowman's head.

And which snowman won the contest?

Why, the one that came to life, of course. For that is the way to win any contest.

NELL LOUISE BATES,
Age 14. Dayton, Ohio.

JOURNEYS TO ADVERTISING LAND

(Continued from page 42)

I can't describe the Grand Canyon. Come and see for yourself this gorge that's 6,000 feet deep and 217 miles long and is painted all the colors of the rainbow. It took ages and ages to make. It made me want to shout, and Ruth said it made her want to cry—it's so beautiful. You should see it at sunset and by moonlight!

We spent some very happy days there. Then we got on the Chief again, crossed the Colorado River—the same river we saw at the Grand Canyon—and reached Needles, California. Near Needles the last canyon ended.

"And now the dry Mojave Desert," said Ruth; who had been studying a Santa Fe folder, "and then up to the top of Cajon pass and down again."

"And then the land of oranges and roses, and this evening Los Angeles—*the city of Angels!*" I put in. "Do you know from Chicago to Los Angeles by rail, the way we came, it's 2,356 miles!"

"And we can take the Santa Fe direct in 58 hours, if we're in a hurry!" laughed Daddy.

But we don't want this wonderful trip to end that way yet!

Ask your Daddy if you can't take this trip too!

Love from

ROBERT AND RUTH.

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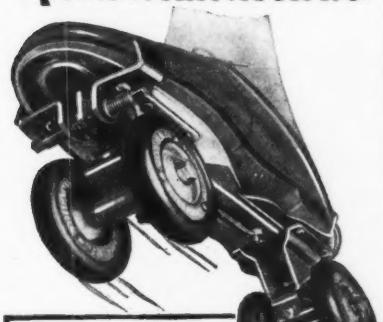

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SCOTTISH TERRIER

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THE BOY AND THE ICE-GNOME

Once there was an Ice-Gnome who lived halfway up and halfway down a big hill. He was made of solid ice and could not move or talk but he could think.

Now the people who lived in the little village at the foot of the hill were stupid, plodding people who took things as they came and never made any effort to better themselves. If the icy North Wind came blowing in an open window they would say, "It is the will of Thorter," and leave the window open. They were queer, these people, but their most unusual peculiarity was their blind obedience to a god of tradition called Thorter. If the crops failed from neglect, or if the food burned in the oven, they made no complaint. It was "the will of Thorter."

Now among them lived a boy of ten years. He seemed to be ten times as able as the others. One day he spied the Ice-Gnome standing in the face of blinding gales of snow and wind like a tired but brave soldier. The little boy ran up to him and stared, but the Gnome did not move. The boy felt so sorry for the Gnome that he put his arms around the frozen body. After a silence the boy lifted his head and fell back a step in awe, for the snow had ceased to fall, the wind had stopped blowing and the sun was shining most dazzlingly. Before the boy's eyes the sun changed the arms of the Gnome to translucent wings of colors so full of rhythm and harmony that they seemed to be music. The Gnome seemed to be quivering and coming alive. He smiled.

"What is your wish?" the boy was asked.

"Take me where real boys live who play and have other boys to tell their secrets to."

"Do you wish to see the homes of real boys who are as intelligent as you?"

"Yes! Yes! Boys who can work, too!"

The Gnome spread his wings wide. "Come," he said.

"But," the boy said slowly, "Thorter would not will it."

The figure looked at him and said simply, "I am Thorter."

While the boy was in his arms the Ice-Gnome explained how the people in his village had lazily misconstrued his words for their own comfort.

"When I was alive I spoke many words to which people listened. I told them that after they had done all that was in their power to achieve something and then failed, they should believe that a power greater than theirs was directing them for their own good in the end. For a time people did this in their great troubles and many a person was consoled and ceased weeping, but after a time they changed this rule, 'to suit the times' they said, and applied their interpretation to material objects. It is not right and they should be taught. But, alas, it is past my time to teach them, so will you?"

"But I want to go where other boys are!" the boy cried.

"You shall have your choice."

So they flew away in a silence which was at last broken by the sound of the boy's voice saying, "I will go back to my people and teach them."

For a long while the people did not believe, saying that the boy had been found nearly frozen near the old snowman on the hill, who had finally crumbled to the ground.

But by and by houses were mended, and the crops were tilled, the people were no longer lazy and, when their brains began to work, they realized how shiftless they had been. And in the land there grew happiness and prosperity, and they listened and learned the truth from the boy, who was no longer a boy.

Written when Aged 15. MADELEINE FALES, Hackettstown, N. J.

MADMAR
PICTURE PUZZLES AND MAP PUZZLES

Have you heard about the New Puzzle-A-Month Club?

There's a whole lot of fun waiting for the boys and girls who become members of this jolly new club. Write to The Puzzle Man and find out all about it. Fascinating new puzzles every month mean endless hours of fun for everybody. How exciting it will be to see who can put them together in the shortest possible time!

Picture Puzzles

Madmar Picture and Map Puzzles are made for all ages. Mounted on three-ply basswood panels—jig-sawed on boundary lines, they are extremely well-made as well as entertaining and educational. Madmar Puzzles are sold in the more progressive stores at popular prices.

If your favorite dealer does not sell Madmar Puzzles, we will supply you direct.

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The Puzzle Man
MADMAR QUALITY CO., Utica, N. Y.
Dear Mr. Puzzle Man: Please send me full particulars about the Puzzle-A-Month Club. Also a copy of your new illustrated catalog FREE.

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WATCH!

It "Taxies"—"Takes Off"—Flies!

Boys! Picture a great airplane roaring down the runway—faster—faster—faster! Then, Z-O-O-M and she's up in the air. What a thrill! Well—now you can have a toy plane that has precisely the same flight action. The new Kingsbury "Silver Arrow" "taxies" over the ground "takes off" and flies. Not a construction toy, but a fully built plane. A few moments to assemble and she's ready for flight. Wings and body of light Balsa wood, reinforced with aluminum; aluminum propeller; powerful elastic motor, Model 21, Cabin Type, 22 in. wing spread, $2.50. Racing Model No. 1, 18 in wing spread, $1 No. 2, 26 in. wing spread $2.00. (West of Miss. $2.75—$1.10—$2.20). Look for them at your dealers. If not in stock we will ship direct.

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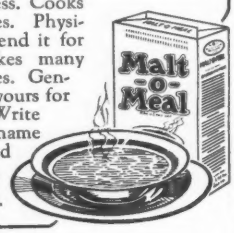

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Fun Gun 15c each. Shoots rubbers, accurate and harmless.
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CAUTIOUS CREATURES

CONTEST

ON PAGE 27 you will find a story and picture of "Flying Squirrel," sixth and last of a series of stories and pictures about animals to be published in the Cautious Creatures Contest, which David Newell, the well-known artist naturalist, is conducting for the readers of CHILD LIFE. In the August issue you read about "Gray Squirrel," in the September number about "Deer," in the October issue about "Jack Rabbit," in the November issue about "Flying Squirrel," and in the December issue about "Red Fox." Choose three of the animals in the contest and write a story about them. This story must not be over five hundred words in length and should tell how each of the three animals escapes its enemies, where it lives, and what it eats.

There will be eight prizes for the best stories. The first prize will be a pet puppy and an autographed copy of David Newell's interesting new book, "American Animals." The second prize will be autographed copies of "Cougars and Cowboys" and "American Animals," both by Mr. Newell; the next six prizes will be copies of the animal book.

The contest is concluded this month. Send your stories to David Newell, care CHILD LIFE, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill., before January 12, 1930. You do not have to buy CHILD LIFE. Copies may be read at our office or at nearly all public libraries.

BLUE BIRD

Oh, blue bird with wings so blue,
Don't you know that blue is true
As you fly by in the air?
And you look so very fair.

Little blue bird, you can sing
In the summer, in the spring.
Little blue bird, you can fly,
Fly on high, fly on high.

Little blue bird, build a nest.
Then you can surely be at rest.
With your baby birds of spring,
Teach them how to fly and sing.

ELLA MAXWELL RICHARDSON,
Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Build Health in Growing Children

MAKE sure of their health—everything else is built on that. Give your children a chance to enjoy and excel at outdoor sports. Cod-liver oil will help them develop into strong, sturdy youngsters. The easy way to take it is Scott's Emulsion. Pleasantly flavored—easy to swallow. They'll smack their lips! Start today—every day counts when children are growing. Instructions on every bottle.

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Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J. 29-5

SPRING

The brook is running over the hill,
The songs of the birds are sweet,
And one is gathering grass and sticks
To make her small nest neat.

Wouldn't you like to be a bird
With nothing to do all day,
But sit on some eggs and keep them warm
In a neat little nest of hay?

ELLEN M. TOWER,
Age 13. West Newton, Mass.

CHILDREN WHO WANT LETTERS

Requests for letters from other children must be accompanied by the written consent of parent or guardian. Lack of space prevents our using more names and addresses each month.

Mary Clark, 614 Wilson Ave., Menomonie, Wis.
Charlotte Urquhart, 255 Niagra Ave., Elmhurst, Ill.
Katherine Cole, 785 Webster Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y.
Vera Grace Kruger, Malden, Wash. Age 14.
Mary Lynady, 10 Brooklyn St., Carbondale, Pa. Age 12.
Sylvia Levine, Box No. 7, Oakes, N. Y. Age 13.
Ruth Elaine Pagel, Egan, S. Dak. Age 12.
Frances M. Garrell, Conway, S. C.
Madge Patterson, 802 Charlotte St., Fordyce, Ark.
Odessa Boise, Elmwood Ave., Sodus, N. Y. Age 12.
Mary Plummer, 685 Valley Road, Upper Montclair, N. J. Age 9.
Esther Marie Warren, Lookeba, Okla. Age 14.
Dorothy Dee Warren, Lookeba, Okla. Age 13.
Dolores Kadow, 840 Mitchell, Milwaukee, Wis. Age 14.
Flower de Bouis, 5231 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill. Age 13.

The human story behind the business wall map

by

William Wrigley, Jr.

Famous business man, sportsman and philanthropist

"YOU have often seen huge maps hung in the offices, usually the executive offices, of large business houses.

"These maps no doubt have a practical value. Even the colored pins with which they are stuck have a business—strictly business—meaning.

"They are therefore not hung up out of sentiment. And yet well they might be!

"For it is my belief that back of every such map is a story intimate to a man, a story significant of his achievement, but even more significant of his dreams.

"Long before such a map could hang in such an office, this man must have carried it about with him in his mind. He must have studied, long and eagerly, a smaller edition of the very same map, perhaps one he found in his oldest child's geography book at home.

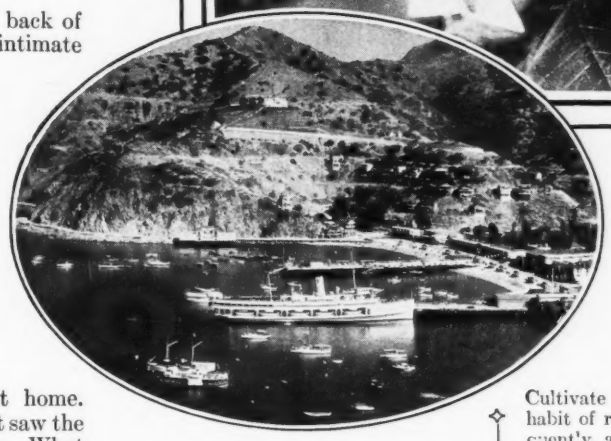
"There, years ago, he first saw the possible scope of his business. What the map before his eyes represented was his field of conquest. Some day he might have it all for his market. Whether he knew it or not, then and there was born the vision upon which, from that time on, he built.

"The map which hangs in his office today is the symbol of that vision translated into actuality.

"He has probably assigned its care to one of his subordinates, leaving to other hands now the marking of new warehouses, new factories, new jobbing-points.

"Strange he should have forgotten that the red-headed pin which marks Little Rock, Arkansas, is the realization of a dream!"

William Wrigley, Jr.



Harbor scene at Catalina Island, the Pacific isle owned by Mr. Wrigley, and an internationally famous show place.

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A reduction of an illustration from
Gulliver's Travels, by Jonathan Swift

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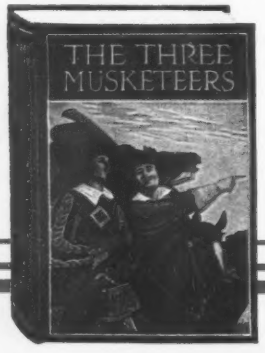

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